VOLUME XLIII NUMBER FIVE

THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE

MAY, 1923

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TO carry out the purposes for which it was founded thirty-four years ago, the National Geographic Society publishes this Magazine. All receipts are invested in the Magazine itself or expended directly to promote geographic knowledge.

ARTICLES and photographs are desired. For material which the Magazine can use, generous remuneration is made. Contributions should be accompanied by an addressed return envelope and postage.

IMMEDIATELY after the terrific eruption of the world's largest crater, Mt. Katmai, in Alaska, a National Geographic Society expedition was sent to make observations of this remarkable phenomenon. Four expeditions have followed and the extraordinary scientific data resultant given to the world. In this vicinity an eighth wonder of the world was discovered and explored—"The Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes," a vast area of steaming, spouting fissures. As a result of The Society's discoveries this area has been created a National Monument by proclamation of the President of the United States.

AT an expense of over $50,000 The Society sent a notable series of expeditions into Peru to investigate the traces of the Inca race. Their discoveries form a large share of our knowledge of a civilization which was waning when Pizarro first set foot in Peru.

THE Society also had the honor of subscribing a substantial sum to the historic expedition of Admiral Peary, who discovered the North Pole.

NOT long ago The Society granted $25,000, and in addition $75,000 was given by individual members through The Society to the Federal Government when the congressional appropriation for the purchase was insufficient, and the finest of the giant sequoia trees of California were thereby saved for the American people and incorporated into a National Park.

THE Society is conducting extensive explorations and excavations in northwestern New Mexico, which was one of the most densely populated areas in North America before Columbus came, a region where prehistoric peoples lived in vast communal dwellings whose ruins are ranked second to none of ancient times in point of architecture, and whose customs, ceremonies and name have been engulfed in an oblivion more complete than any other people who left traces comparable to theirs.

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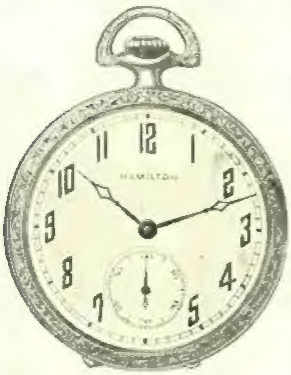
in "Byron" Case $172

In green or white gold (14k engraved). 23-jewel, five-position adjusted movement. Attractive dial with raised gold numerals.



Hamilton No. 910
in "Franklin" Case $46

Fancy metal dial, 17-jewel, adjusted movement, and engraved green or white gold-filled case.

Beauty ~ Accuracy

A GRADUATION PRESENT

That will be treasured a lifetime

ON Graduation Day let a Hamilton Watch convey the sentiment that you would have live a lifetime.

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Intrinsically, any Hamilton Watch is worthy of such a trust. It is a fine watch, noted for accuracy and possessed of beauty that is chaste and enduring.

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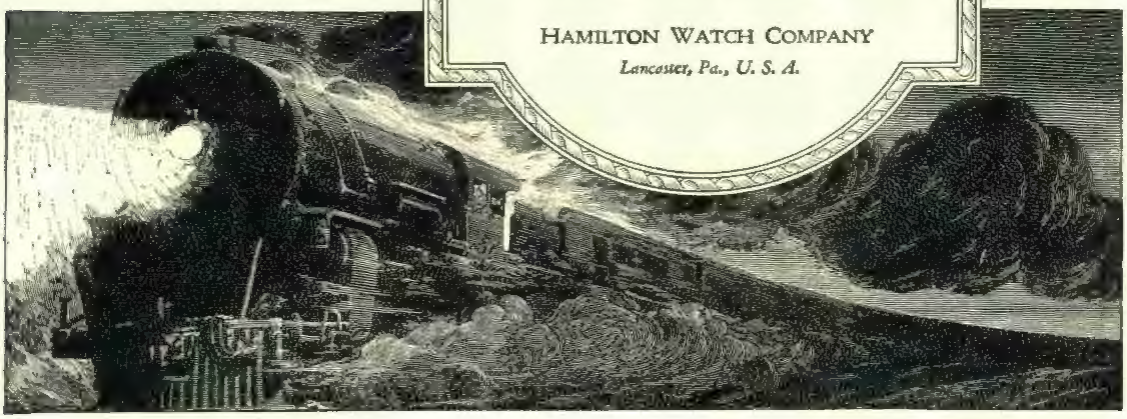
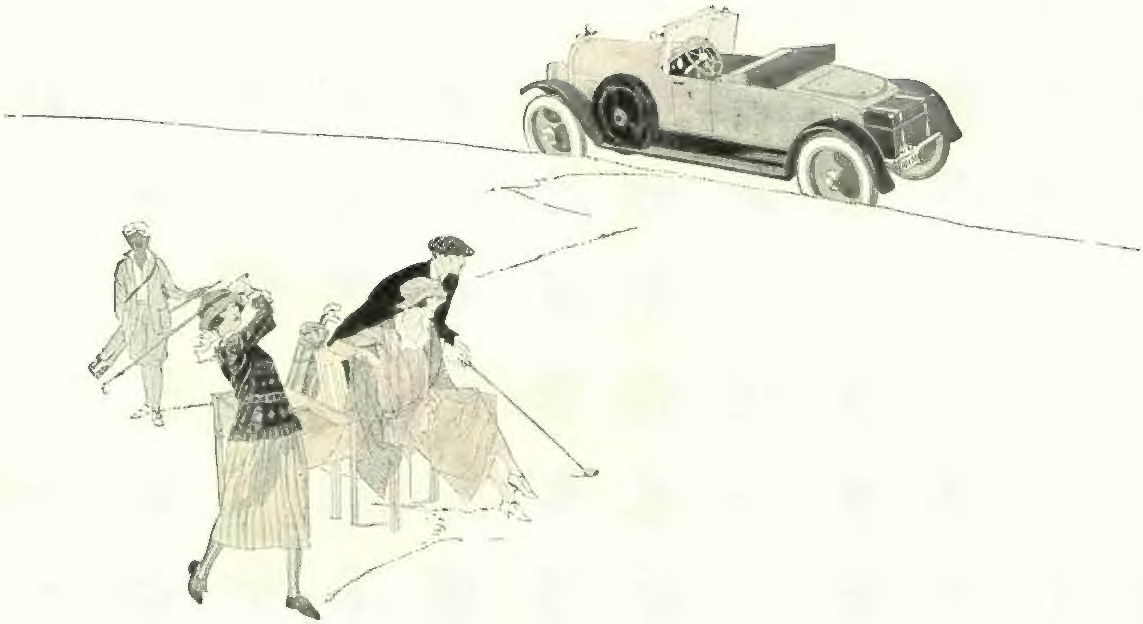


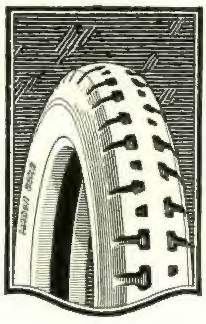
Hamilton Watch

The Watch of Railroad Accuracy



MASON CORDS

IT is difficult to imagine a cord of such dependable worth that you ride entirely unaware of your tires for months at a time. Yet drivers of fine cars will tell you that such remarkable performance is characteristic of Mason Cords. Continuous service; long, rugged life; buoyant comfort, all confirm the ***true value*** of these desirable tires.



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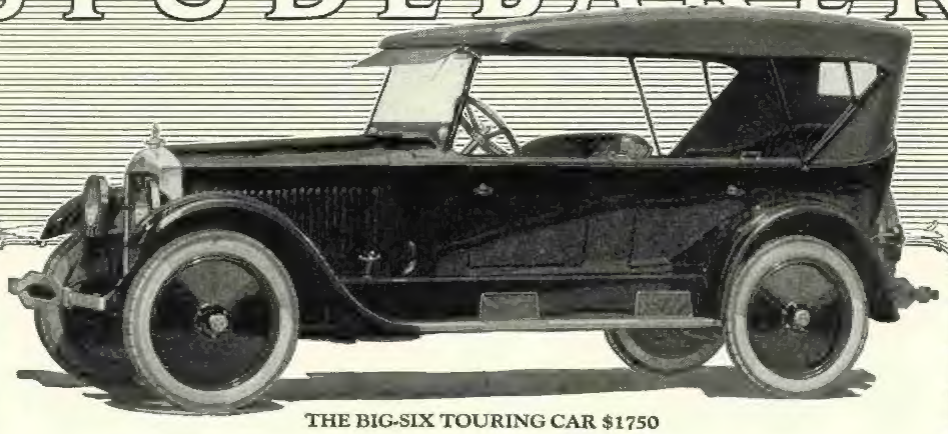

THE BIG-SIX TOURING CAR $1750

You would not buy a house with five rooms if you needed seven—don't make this mistake in buying a motor car.

Crowding always means discomfort. This is just as true of motor cars as it is of houses. The pleasure is taken out of driving when everybody is cramped and uncomfortable and the children have to sit on someone's lap.

Then, too, with a five-passenger car you often have to leave friends at home when you would really like to take them along.

The Studebaker Big-Six Touring Car provides genuine comfort for seven and when the two auxiliary seats are folded away, it becomes an ideal five-passenger car with room enough for all the luggage you will need or want to carry.

The Big-Six Touring Car affords this roominess without excess weight or bulkiness. It also provides every other essential for lasting satisfaction at a moderate initial outlay and low cost of maintenance.

Its appearance is expressive of power and stamina. Its performance—acceleration, flexibility and day-in-and-day-out dependability—is known and respected throughout the world.

No car, regardless of price, has finer or more complete equipment. This even includes an extra wheel complete with cord tire, tube and tire cover.

Both body and chassis are built by Studebaker. This insures highest quality and because of the elimination of parts-makers' profits, the greatest value for each dollar invested.

The name Studebaker stands for value, dependability, comfort, and integrity.

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Detroit, Mich. South Bend, Ind. Walkerville, Ont.

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1923 MODELS AND PRICES—*f. o. b. factories*

LIGHT-SIX *5-Pass., 112" W. B., 40 H. P.*		SPECIAL-SIX *5-Pass., 119" W. B., 50 H. P.*		BIG-SIX *7-Pass., 126" W. B., 60 H. P.*	
Touring	$975	Touring	$1275	Touring	$1750
Roadster (3-Pass.)	975	Roadster (2-Pass.)	1250	Speedster (5-Pass.)	1835
Coupe-Roadster (2-Pass.)	1225	Coupe (4-Pass.)	1875	Coupe (4-Pass.)	2400
Sedan	1550	Sedan	2050	Coupe (5-Pass.)	2550
				Sedan	2750

THIS IS A STUDEBAKER YEAR

STRENGTH AND SAFETY IN THE BODY OF STEEL

If you could see the main body structure of Dodge Brothers Business Sedan before the enamel is baked on, and before the interior is furnished, you would be profoundly impressed by its strength.

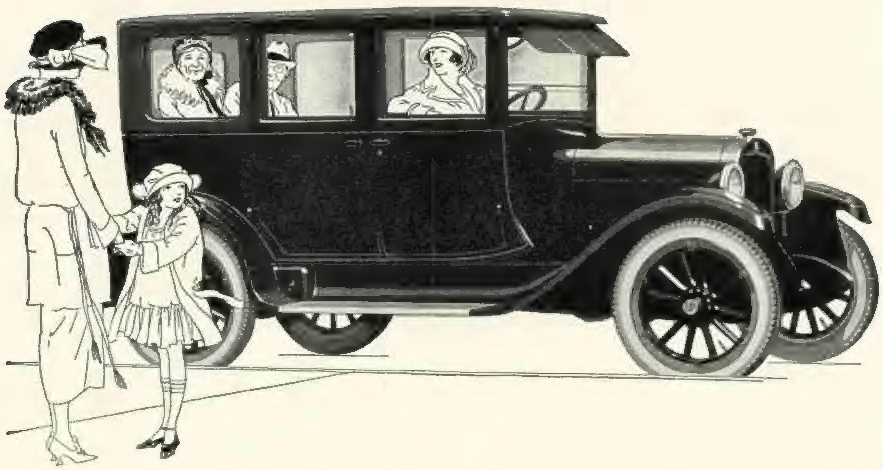
You would see that every panel, every pillar, and every rib is steel—that even the door sills and window mouldings are steel.

You would see that all of these parts and sections are electrically welded together into one staunch steel body, with no bolts or rivets to work loose, nothing to rattle or squeak or warp.

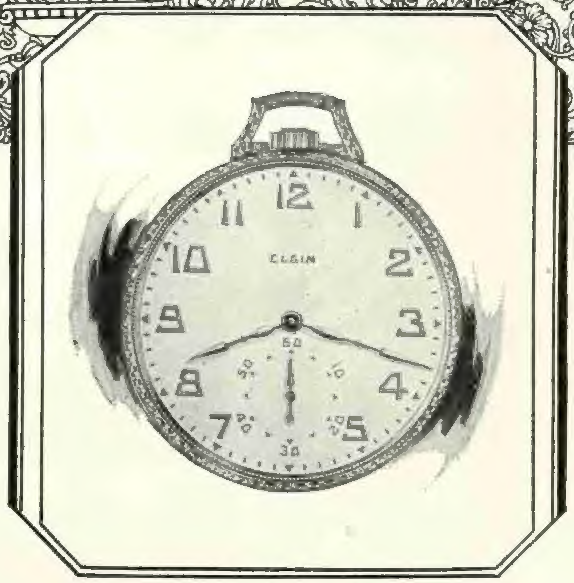
And you would realize that, like the all-steel Pullman coach, this unique construction—originated by Dodge Brothers for this car—represents the last word in protection to passengers—the ultimate achievement in closed car sturdiness.

DODGE BROTHERS

The price of the Business Sedan is $1195 f. o. b. Detroit



Patents Pending



The "Classic" Elgin cased in 14-Karat Green Gold or White Gold, Engraved, $150

Some Watch Ideas are Getting Out-of-Date

OUR plain-living, plain-speaking grandfathers used to have a phrase—"Handsome is as handsome *does*."

You don't hear it so much nowadays—but there are signs that this old-fashioned, sane sense of values is *coming back*.

It is no surprise to Elgin that men on the average are *buying better watches today* than they ever did.

The vogue of the cheap watch was bound to come, have its day, and die out.

Only to be expected, too, was that mistake in the *other* direction—regarding a watch as a piece of jewelry rather than as a timepiece. Now also passing out as buyers become better informed.

The field of the Elgin Watchmakers is far removed from such temporary and artificial swings this way and that.

It is the field of the *professional timepiece*, for people who value accurate time-keeping before all other watch considerations.

A field much larger than some might suppose. For two years past it has been impossible to supply all the Elgin Watches asked for.

IT takes a year or more to make an Elgin Watch. The procedure is very similar to laboratory work—so far away from factory methods that no terms of commercial manufacture apply.

People call the Elgin "The professional time-keeper." It is the natural reaction of carrying a timepiece of *authority*.

ELGIN IS THE PREFERRED TIMEPIECE ON THE RAILROADS OF AMERICA

ELGIN

The Professional Timekeeper

ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH COMPANY, ELGIN, U.S.A.

*AT PYTCHLEY HUNT**

"Well, Archie, I see you've been buying some new tyres."
"New tyres? Not at all. I've driven those Kelly Cords steadily for nearly a year now."

THAT Kelly Kant-Slip Cord tires retain the appearance of newness for an astonishingly long time is, of course, a source of pride to the owner. But this is as nothing when compared to the satisfaction derived from the long, economical mileage they deliver and the sense of safety given him by "the tread that removes the dread of skidding." It costs *no more* to buy a Kelly.

* Drawing by Laurence Fellows, London.

PACKARD

The heaviest production in twenty-three years of Packard history falls far short of meeting the steadily growing national demand for the Single-Six.

This is due, no doubt, in the first instance, to public confidence in the soundness of Packard engineering and manufacturing—greatly stimulated, however, by the record the Single-Six is establishing everywhere for really remarkable economy of operation.

Touring Car, Five-Passenger, $2485
at Detroit

Official Observatory Awards

At U. S. Naval Observatory—Washington: 144 passed and accepted for torpedo boat service after a six months' ship chronometer trial. (Since 1916.) More than those furnished by all other competing firms combined.

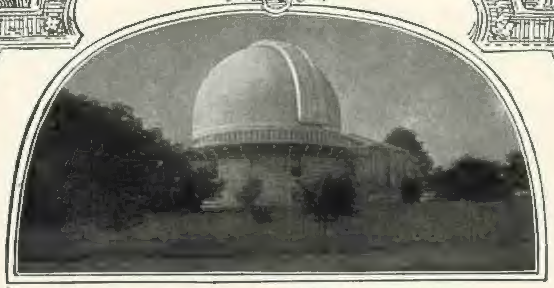
At last 1922 trial out of ten watches accepted nine were Longines.

At Geneva Observatory—Switzerland: Results of last trial (just published) show Longines obtained one first prize of series and ten additional first and second prizes.

At Neuchatel Observatory—Switzerland: 365 Awards in International Contests. (Since 1905.)

At Kew-Teddington Observatory—England: 132 Awards in International Contests since 1910. (1918 year's record for best performance.) Since 1919 every Longines watch submitted passed trial with mention "especially good."

Standard of the World



26 inch equatorial dome
U. S. Naval Observatory, Washington, D.C.

The Most Honored Watch in the World

WHEREVER it has been placed on trial, the Longines Watch has won more official Government awards than any other watch made—awards based upon a *six months' accuracy test!*

The number of Longines Watches that have passed this accuracy test in the United States Naval Observatory, and have been accepted for torpedo boat service, exceeds all other makes combined.

In addition, the Longines Watch has also taken the highest awards for superiority of workmanship, originality of craftsmanship and variety at all important exhibitions held since 1878.

For more than fifty years the better jewelers have featured Longines Watches. Stylish models in platinum or gold, priced from $25 to $500. Write for booklet and name of jeweler nearest you.

A. WITTNAUER COMPANY

Established 1866

NEW YORK MONTREAL PARIS GENEVA

The Longines Watch

Won at Exhibitions Since 1878

1885
Antwerp Grand Prize

1889
Paris Grand Prize

1897
Brussels Grand Prize

1900
Paris Grand Prize

1906
Milan Grand Prize

1914
Berne Grand Prize

Also 17 additional medals at international exhibitions.

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DE LUXE CRUISE

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Customs Officer: Opens with doors, eh? Well, that certainly is some trunk!

Proud Owner (beaming): Isn't it? It's a Winship Wardrobe. Look how easy it is to get into. It saves backache and trouble and floor space and clothes—

Customs Officer: And a lot of time for me. You're O. K., Madame. Next.

Winship Wardrobe

The Trunk with Doors

The Winship Wardrobe is different. It opens with doors. It is as superior to the old-fashioned center opening wardrobe as that trunk was to the original box models. It has no heavy halves to push and pull apart and injure floors and rugs. It stands square in a corner, open or shut, and every compartment is instantly, easily accessible. Deep drawers never jam, and can be packed in trunk. Equipped throughout for the person of refinement. Meets all travel requirements, and makes travelling all pleasure. If your dealer does not carry we will supply direct.

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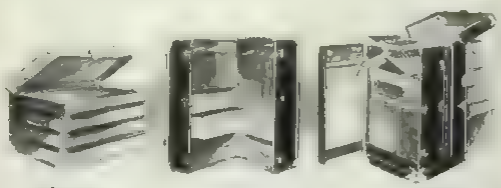

1883 The "Box" trunk

1903 The "Center-Opening" Wardrobe trunk

1923 WINSHIP The Trunk with DOORS

See the Ancient Glories of the Mediterranean

AND now a Mediterranean Cruise under Canadian Pacific management, on the magnificent *Empress of Scotland* (25,000 gross tons), sailing from New York, January 14, 1924. Everything Canadian Pacific standard — there is none better.

Is Egypt Your Mecca

with its historic excavations? This cruise will give you 14 days in the Palestine and Egypt at an exclusive rate. Fascinating shore excursions to different points from Mediterranean ports. All details looked after by competent representatives.

Ancient cities and ancient glories: Rome, Athens, Constantinople. Picturesque races and costumes; Algiers and Tunis, aglow with the sunny charm of Africa. Madeira, Cadiz, Gibraltar. Gorgeous cross sections of the world we live in; Naples, Monaco, Portugal. A touch of Old England—Southampton and London—on the way home.

A wonderful winter vacation, this Canadian Pacific Mediterranean Cruise. And it costs no more to travel so than for accommodations at a first class hotel anchored to a city street. Fares $800 up. Limit 600 passengers.

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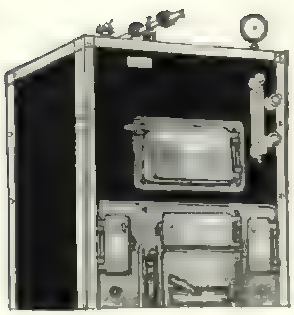
AMERICAN IDEALS

From a painting HERBERT PAUS

© ARCO

AMERICAN IDEAL RADIATORS BOILERS

Robert E. Lee



"I HAVE no other ambition," he said, "than to serve in any capacity to which the authorities assign me."

Because of that spirit of self-effacing service, Robert E. Lee will always be to Americans a great ideal.

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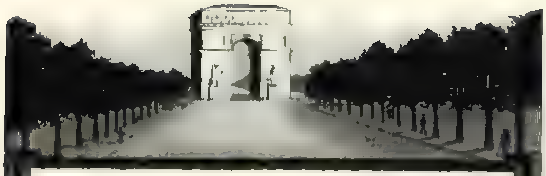

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via

Iceland and the North Cape

Annual Raymond-Whitcomb Cruise
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A Month of Delightful Cruising

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Just the trip you have longed to take—unique—fascinating—worth while—ideal for a summer vacation. May be combined with further travel in Europe. Reservations should be arranged for as soon as possible.

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The experience of nearly half a century combined with a thorough knowledge of present-day conditions make the 1923 Raymond-Whitcomb Europe Tours "The Best in Travel." The varied programs enable you to select your own route. France, Italy, Switzerland, Belgium, Holland, the British Isles, and Spain. Departures in May, June, July, August. Apply for our European Booklet giving full particulars.

Round-the-World Cruise

S. S. "Resolute"
From New York, Jan. 19, 1924

Mediterranean Cruise

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See the Land of Glacial Cirques

Go out to Glacier National Park this summer—to the scenic land of glacial cirques. See the world-famous Lewis Overthrust Fault where Chief Mountain turned upside down. Glacier Park is a scientifically interesting vacation land. Ride horseback — motor — fish — walk—camp in a scenic setting carved out by prehistoric glacial action.

VISIT THE

PACIFIC NORTHWEST

Be sure to see this charmed vacation land. Through trains from Chicago and Kansas City via Burlington Route-Great Northern Railway to Glacier Park, Spokane, Seattle, Tacoma, and Portland. En route to Pacific Northwest, Alaska or California, visit Lake Chelan, and Rainier and Crater Lake National Parks, and run down to the wonderful bathing beaches.

Low Railroad Rates This Summer

For free booklets or information apply any ticket or tourist agent or Great Northern Railway offices

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A. J. DICKINSON, Passenger Traffic Manager
St. Paul, Minn.

Know Its Hidden Values

Time and hard service show the real difference in the way cars are built. In Essex, attention is not given merely to exterior "selling points." It goes particularly into parts you never examine.

Finest roller bearings are used throughout, where commonly only "bushings" are used. The frame, for weight carried, is sturdier than that of any other car, except one.

Devices to provide for longer wear, or to take up wear at small expense are Essex advantages shared only by a few of the costliest cars. Many are exclusive to Essex.

These are some of the reasons Essex cars remain smooth, economical and quiet. Especially do such features appear to advantage in old Essex cars.

Essex retains its economy of fuel and oil. Repair needs are infrequent. It stays elastic, flexible and young in action.

Essex cars two and three years old and with service records extending beyond 50,000 miles are today as dependable as when new.

They retain their nimble performance. Economy in fuel and oil continues. There is no burden of maintenance cost.

So marked is this quality that all who know the Essex accord it first place among the long life cars.

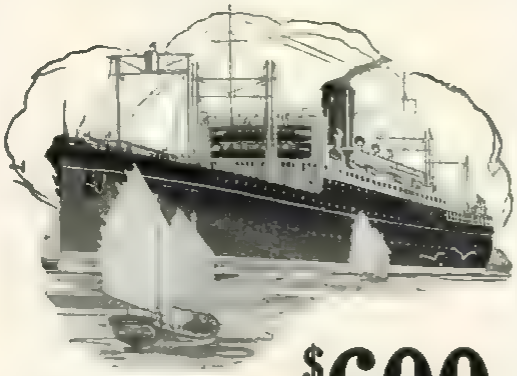
Without these hidden values, such results would not be possible.

Touring - - $1045 **Cabriolet - - $1145** **Coach - - $1145**

Freight and Tax Extra

E S S E X

See Japan this Summer



Round Trip Steamship Fare **$600**

IF you have planned to see Japan, go this summer. Good accommodations are still open for June and July on the great Government ships operated to the Orient from San Francisco by the Pacific Mail Steamship Company. Act quickly — send the information blank below for details.

The round trip to Yokohama includes 26 days on the South Pacific, with a day's stop at Honolulu, at a cost of only $600. For an extra $100, you can spend eight days in Japan.

Early Sailings are:

President Pierce - - -	**May 17th**
President Wilson - -	**May 31st**
President Lincoln - -	**June 14th**
President Taft - - -	**June 28th**
President Cleveland - -	**July 12th**

and every two weeks thereafter

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Please send without obligation the U. S. Government Booklet giving travel facts. I am considering a trip to the Orient☐ to Europe ☐, to South America ☐.

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*My Street No. or R. F. D.*_____

*Town*_____ *State*

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THE first first-class hotel in Cleveland retains the preference of fastidious travelers by its courtesy, its convenience, its ample and varied accommodations, its highly experienced organization and its internationally famous restaurants. Clean, quiet, comfortable and reliable. Concise Information Booklet free.

The Hollenden Hotel Company Cleveland Ohio

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Every month in the year, Yosemite National Park—between San Francisco and Los Angeles—extends its welcome to all travelers to enjoy the exceptional beauty and majesty of its world-famous scenery—its motor tours, trail riding, summer and winter recreations, and mountain climbing.

The "Y T S" Tour, including 240 miles of motoring in Yosemite's mountains via Yosemite Transportation System, offers a special attraction between June 1 and October 1, reaching all main points of interest—Merced River Canyon, Yosemite Valley, Hetch Hetchy Valley, Inspiration Point, Mariposa Grove of 600 Big Trees, Wawona Point, Glacier Point and Overhanging Rock—at a cost of $35.00 for round trip transportation from Merced, California, where all main line railroad tickets permit free stopovers.

See Yosemite this year. For free Illustrated Descriptive Folder, address—

YOSEMITE NATIONAL PARK CO.
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It's a day's steamer trip around Lake Tahoe, the jewel of the central California Sierras.

My opinion of California *by Irvin S. Cobb*

IF I COULD so order my affairs as to be able to spend the rest of my life in that part of America which offers most in natural beauty and in the attractiveness of its people, I should choose California. I should live somewhere in that part of California which lies north of the dividing line that separates southern California from the rest of the state.

Always, from the hour when I first set foot upon the soil of the state to this present moment, I steadfastly have held that California leads every state of this Union in a majority of the essentials which makes for comfort and happiness in living and for the glory of physical surroundings. Californians work just as hard as New Yorkers do—when they work—but when they play they put into their playing a zest and a spirit, and most of all, a naturalness which one looks for in vain anywhere along the eastern seaboard. Her natural advantages are such that her people can find outdoor pleasures in simple and in homely things. The eye is pleased with beauty. The mind is soothed by the most equable climate that we have on this continent. The imagination is stimulated by the wholesouled and hearty optimism of her sons and her daughters. In California you find, as you find nowhere else in the Union, a delectable blending of the hospitality of the south, the energy of the north, and the traditional inclinations of her Spanish and her American pioneers.

For my purpose, an ideal way to spend a year would be to give six months of it living somewhere within a hundred miles of the city of San Francisco, and the other six months to living in the California desert a hundred miles from anywhere at all.

Low round trip summer excursion fares to California are in effect on all railroads beginning May 15. For authoritative information about your trip write today to

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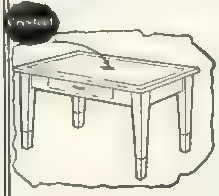
Crysteel

is to porcelain enamel wherever it may be used



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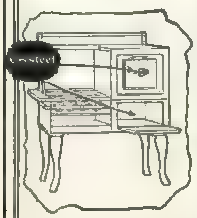

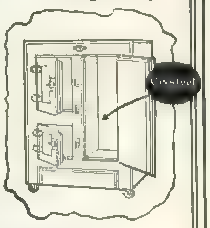

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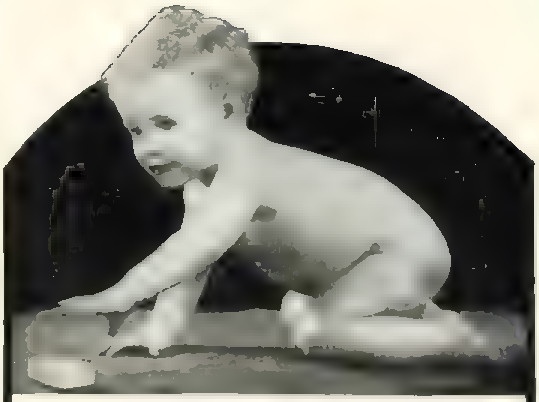

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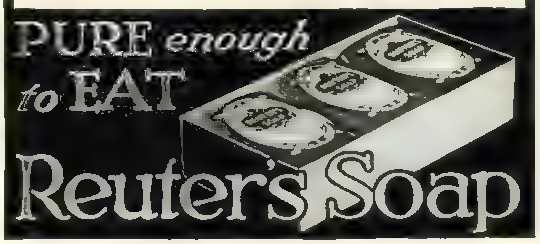

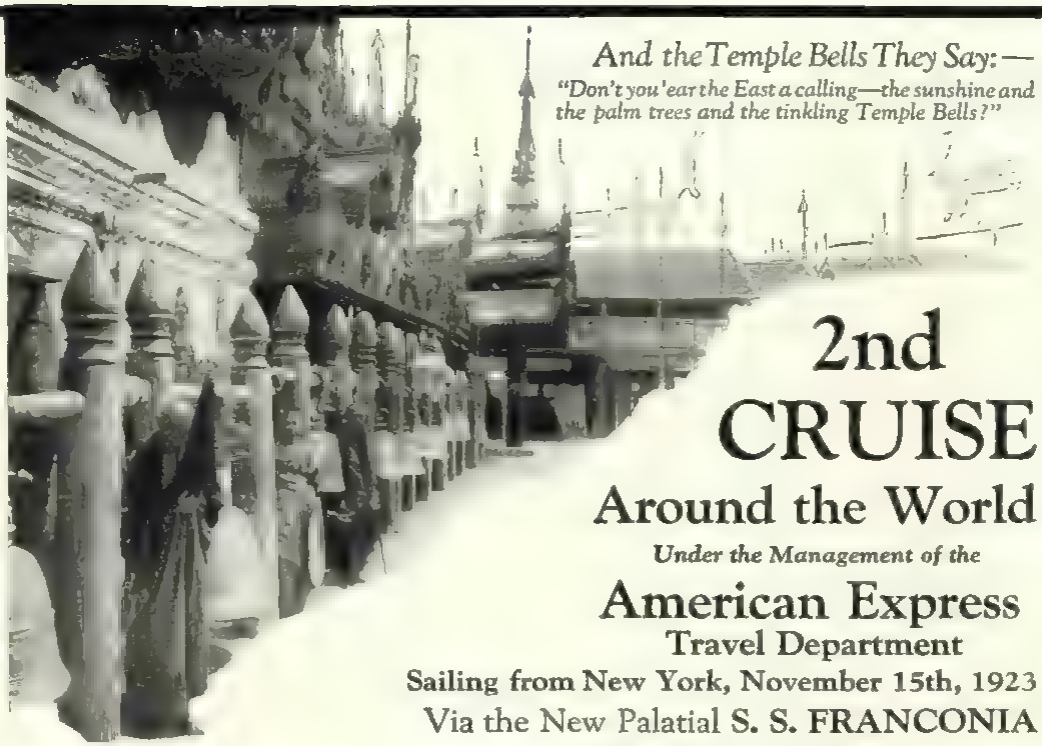

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"Don't you 'ear the East a calling—the sunshine and the palm trees and the tinkling Temple Bells?"

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Sailing from New York, November 15th, 1923

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Repeating the 30,000 Wonder Miles just completed under American Express management by her sister ship The Laconia—the most enjoyed cruise in the history of travel.

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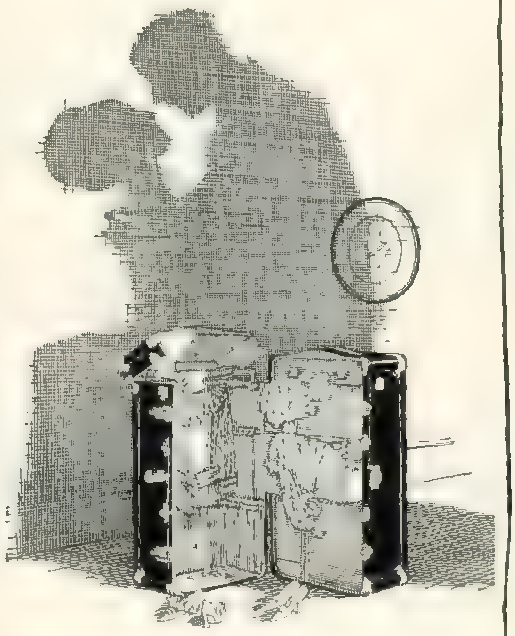

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LOS ANGELES, 503 So. Spring St.
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NEW YORK, 1270 Broadway
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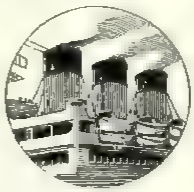

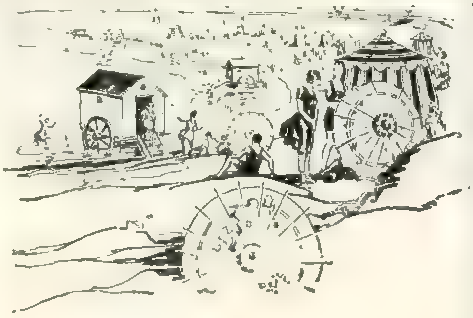

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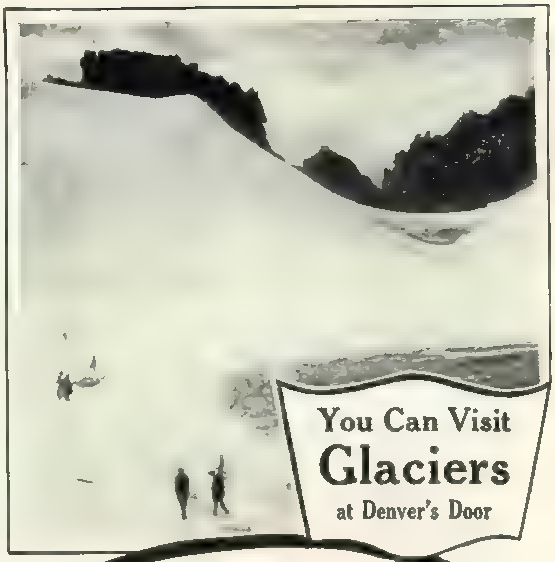

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British Indian. A swarthy miner of mica.

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Russian mines platinum for your telephone.

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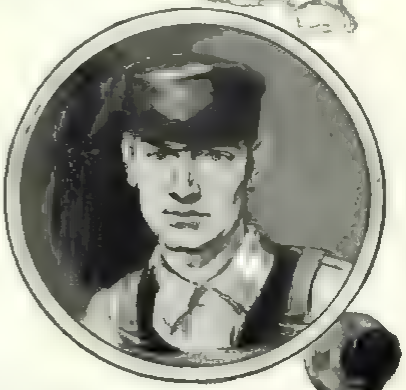

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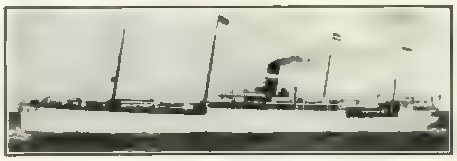

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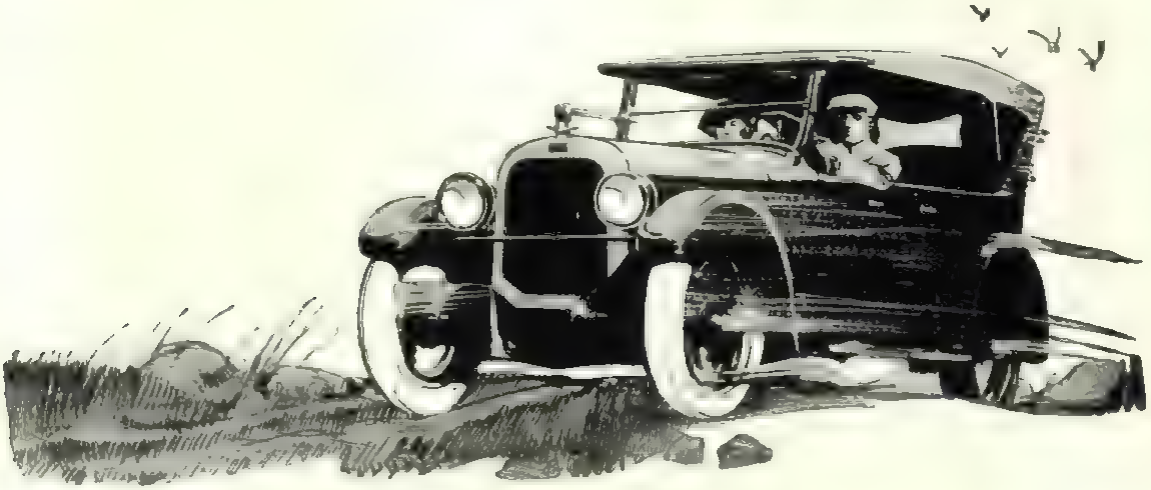
NEW CHANDLER SIX



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IT required but sixty days for the new Chandler with its phenomenal motor to establish nationally the fact that it has no peer in performance.

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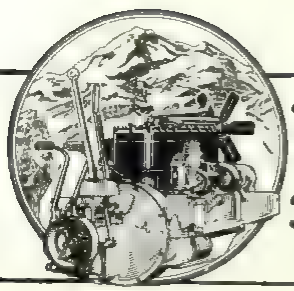

Pikes Peak Motor
BUILT BY CHANDLER

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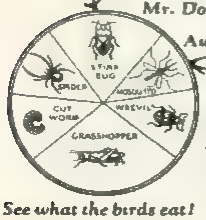

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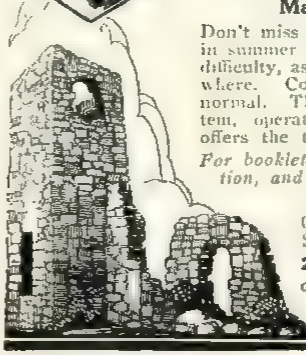

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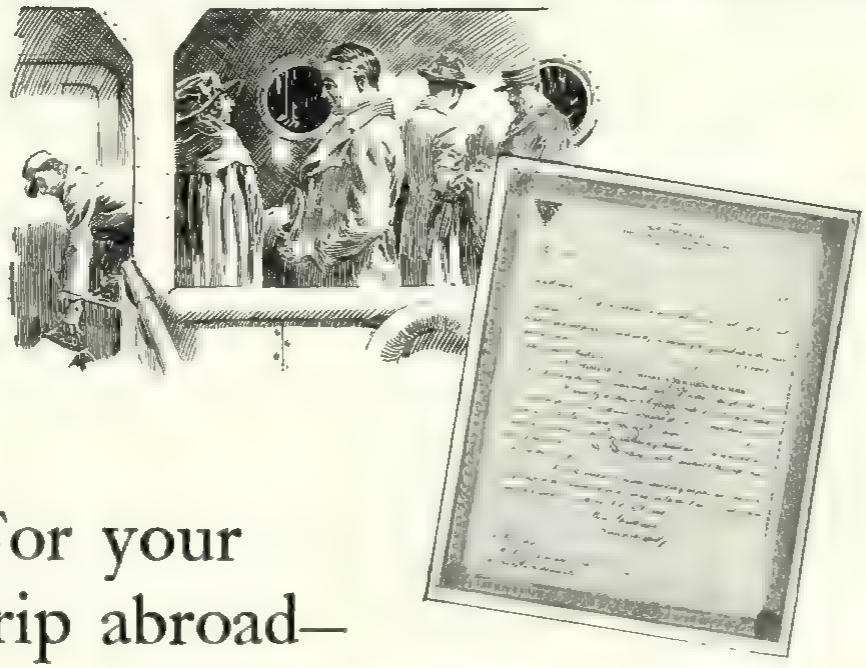

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VOL. XLIII, No. 5 WASHINGTON MAY, 1923

THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE

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AT THE TOMB OF TUTANKHAMEN

An Account of the Opening of the Royal Egyptian Sepulcher Which Contained the Most Remarkable Funeral Treasures Unearthed in Historic Times

BY MAYNARD OWEN WILLIAMS

Staff Correspondent of the National Geographic Magazine

AUTHOR OF "THROUGH THE HEART OF HINDUSTAN," "SYRIA: THE LAND LINK OF HISTORY'S CHAIN," "ADVENTURES WITH A CAMERA IN MANY LANDS," ETC., IN THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE

PROBABLY no great graveyard occupies so unusual a site as the Tombs of the Egyptian Kings at Thebes.

Across the Nile from the Temple of Karnak the western skyline is broken by rough limestone cliffs whose color varies from hour to hour. Nature here changes her complexion with the passing of the day, now softly seductive under a filmy veil before the footlights of the sun's first level rays, now savagely sharp under the fierce floodlight of noonday, now darkly mysterious beneath the glowing evening sky. The monotony of rich fields so familiar in the flat delta of Lower Egypt here gives way to the variety of barren waste where tomb robbers and scientists have sought so long the hiding places of the Pharaohs.

Ten thousand tourists have tramped above the spot where the latest find has just been made. Other archeologists, looking for the needle entrance to the royal tomb of Tutankhamen in the limestone haystack of el Qorn, came within a few feet of where, after sixteen years of labor, the late Lord Carnarvon and Mr. Howard Carter found their reward.

A pile of empty mineral-water bottles, just across the narrow road, marks the spot where Theodore M. Davis and Arthur Weigall, after discovering the tomb of Queen Tiyi * (also spelled Taia, Tyi, and Teye), stopped work. Almost in a straight line beyond is the tomb of Horemheb, successor to Tutankhamen, to enter which they hurdled the hidden entrance to the greatest treasure-house that archeologists have ever entered, centuries after grave-robbers had fled in fear. Both in the realm of space and time, the American excavator, Mr. Davis, to whom so many discoveries are due, "bracketed" the tomb which holds the center of the stage to-day.

Tutankhamen was the king who came back to the fold of Ammon, god of Thebes, and reëstablished the royal residence there, after his father-in-law, Akhenaton, or Amenophis IV (also spelled Amenhotep), having made a spectacular break with the powerful priesthood, moved his capital to Tell-el-Amarna. In gratitude for this return, which ushered

* See also in the NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE "American Discoveries in Egypt" (December, 1907); "Reconstructing Egypt's History," "The Resurrection of Ancient Egypt," and "The Sacred Ibis Cemetery and Jackal Catacombs at Abydos" (September, 1913).

LOOKING UP THE NILE FROM THE FERRY LANDING OPPOSITE LUXOR

The area over which these travelers are riding after a visit to the Tombs of the Kings is flooded for more than a mile back during high water.

Photographs by Maynard Owen Williams

THE BOY WHO SUPPLIED WATER FOR THE GUARDS AT THE TOMB

He is looking down on the small tent and the wooden shelter which even during January and February had to be set up to shelter the armed guard and the workers from the parching sun.

in to Thebes the glories of Seti I and Rameses II and conserved the spiritual hegemony of the local priests until they could seize temporal power as well, King Tutankhamen was sent out on his journey through the underworld equipped with such funeral vessels and mortuary implements as have never before been discovered.

It is unlikely that the comparatively small tomb itself will have more than a passing interest; but the rich store of rare and valuable funeral furniture with which the hiding place of Tutankhamen was packed almost surely contains such wonders from the distant past as have never before been seen by modern man.

On February 17th I arrived in Luxor, crossed the river and started on foot for the Tombs of the Kings. It is nearly eleven years since I last visited them, but my memory of the event is vivid. I still feel that September sun which beat upon us as we climbed the ridge on the way to Deir-el-Bahri and collapsed in the shade of an ancient temple to gulp down great *goolahs* of Nile water after the water in our bottles was gone. I still remember the fake curios we bought, the hagglings we had, the smell of the hot donkeys' sweat under the saddles.

This time I did not hasten toward my goal. I wanted to plod along on foot, to exchange Arabic salutations with the white-toothed village girls, to feel the African sun on my back, and to watch the camels stalk by on their way to the cane fields.

Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

THE LANDING PLACE FOR TOURISTS EN ROUTE TO THE TOMB OF TUTANKHAMEN

One of the most pleasant ways to travel on the Nile is by the steam dahabiyehs or the sailing dahabiyeh, many of which are not only comfortable but luxurious. These boats with their graceful, bird-wing sails, dip, veer, and turn in the sun, but must be towed upstream when the winds are unfavorable.

APPROACHING THE VALLEY OF THE TOMBS ON FOOT

The morning freshness was still in the air. Gangs of prisoners were grading and watering the road which Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth of Belgium would use on the morrow, when she came to pay the first royal visit to Tutankhamen in more than thirty centuries. But I did not keep

SUGAR TRAIN CARRYING THE CROP TO THE ARMANT REFINERIES

The camels are loaded with a trip-rope arrangement like the old hay-stacker, and a single quick jerk by a four-year-old dumps the cane.

Photographs by Maynard Owen Williams

AN AVERAGE DONKEY-LOAD ALONG THE NILE AT LUXOR

There may be a last straw for the backs of the camels in Egypt, but there seems to be no last stalk of sugar cane for the patient donkeys. They are operated both in the passenger and freight service, now carrying heavy merchandise and produce, now delivering tourists safely within the Great Hall of the Temple of Karnak.

Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

TWO "EMPTIES" RETURNING FOR LOADS TO THE SUGAR-CANE FIELDS NEAR LUXOR

This road to the Tombs of the Kings parallels the Fâdiliya Canal, which runs from the control gates at Nag'el Tod. The canal is a part of the stupendous modern irrigation system, which has made fruitful thousands of acres of the Nile Valley. Assuan, below the First Cataract, site of the great dam, is 590 miles south of Cairo by rail.

to the winding way, made smooth for automobiles, which glides a chalk-white serpent trail between the tawny hills. Beyond green fields which I had last passed over in a boat, I saw the Colossi of Memnon and I made for them. I wanted to pass the many lesser gaping tomb-mouths before I finally came to the royal tombs behind the limestone ridge.

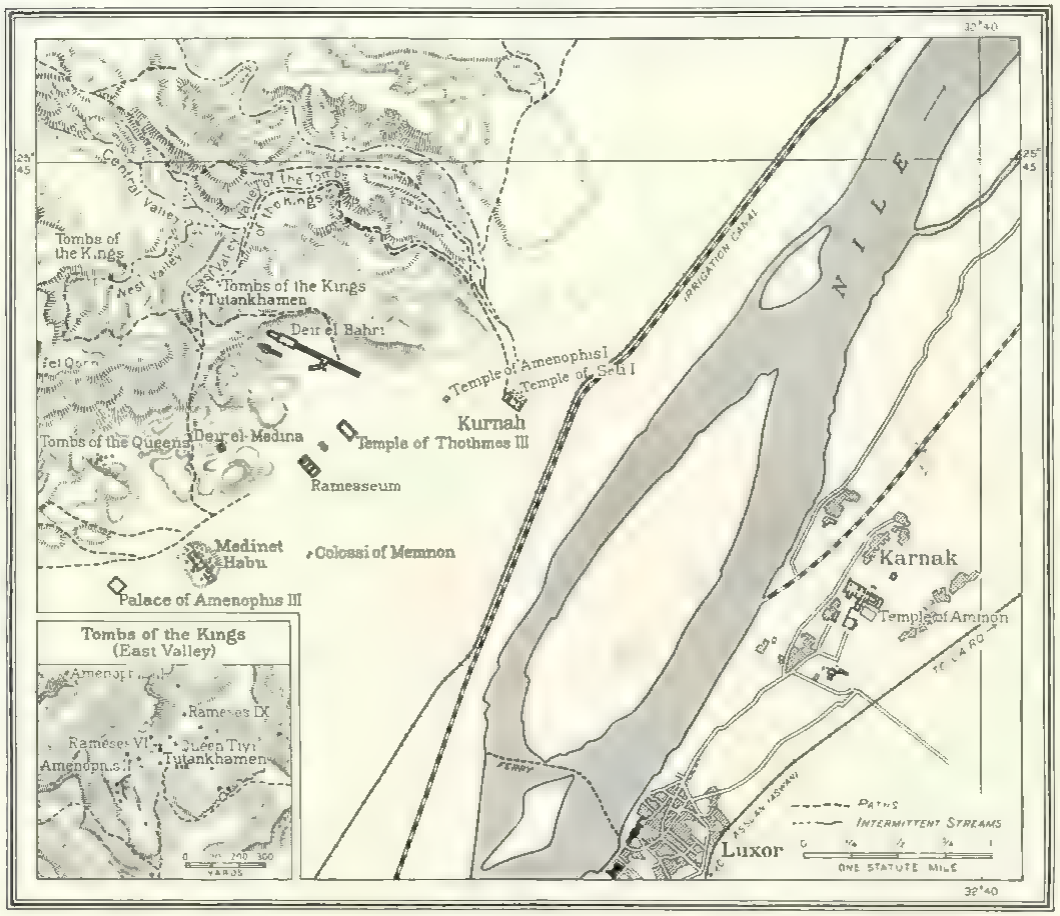
Camels and oxen were slowly turning the awkward *sâkiyehs* and bringing full water-jars to the top of the loop to empty their precious burdens in mud troughs, protected by woven mats, from which they were carried out to the thirsty fields.

As I passed through a mud-walled village, with its narrow alleys almost black under that hot light which lacks reflective power, a girl of ten or so stopped stripping sugar cane with her gleaming teeth to wish that my day be blessed and to offer to share her store.

Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

LOOKING UP THE WESTERN VALLEY OF THE TOMBS OF THE KINGS

Directly in front of this great cliff lies the flinty slope before the tomb of Amenophis III. There are only four tombs in this valley, so far as is now known—those of Amenophis III, the Turbet el-Kurûd, or Tomb of the Apes, which lies in a very retired spot, and two that are without inscriptions.



Drawn by A. H. Bumstead

A DIAGRAM SHOWING THE PRINCIPAL TEMPLES AND TOMBS OF ANCIENT EGYPT AT THEBES

Across the narrow opening of the street an inky form glided by with a water-jar upon her head. A turtledove sat on the wall and cooed. A small child, with a scarlet robe and shiny decorations on her headdress, leaped into a square of light and then faded away into the almost tangible shadow. Lying prone in the thick dust of the road, an unpedigreed "pup" diverted the traffic of the day.

I stopped for lunch at the rest-house near the temple, which was built by Hatshepsut, the sister, wife, and queen of Thothmes II (also spelled Tahutmes and Tethmosis). In the valley a string of tip-cars was dumping rubbish down the steep slope.

On the side of the wall which forms a thin partition between this ravine and the amphitheater of the Kings' Tombs hundreds of men and boys were working for the Metropolitan Museum of New York. They stopped to eat their meager lunches amid the piles of dirt where they had toiled.

In the courtyard of the rest-house a clever sleight-of-hand artist spread his cloth, arranged his shining cups, made his tiny chickens peep, and passed a wedding ring from inside a close-held handkerchief on to a stick, both ends of which were tightly clutched by his astonished spectators.

WAITING AT THE TOMB

The noonday sun was hot and getting hotter. I shouldered my heavy camera and started up the steep path. Thus should one approach that hell-hole in the hills where the greatest Pharaohs hid themselves and where not more than two or three still lie undisturbed by modern man.

Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

LEADING "MARCONI" INTO THE DESOLATE WESTERN VALLEY OF THE TOMBS OF THE KINGS

In the hills to the right is the tomb of Amenophis III, predecessor of Akhenaton (see illustration on opposite page).

Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

ENTRANCE TO THE TOMB OF AMENOPHIS III, IN THE WESTERN VALLEY OF THE TOMBS OF THE KINGS

After a brilliant reign from 1411 to 1375 B. C., Neb maa-ra Amenhotep-heq-uast, popularly called Amenophis or Amenhotep III, was buried in this tomb, known to archeologists as Number 22. It is now the haunt of myriad bats (see text, page 492).

As I passed the tomb of Seti I and turned toward the lower entrance of the valley, I saw below me a small white tent, a wooden shelter for the armed guard, the clutter of lumber which archeologists use, and the new wall of irregular stones which hid the entrance to Tutankhamen's mausoleum.

Two correspondents sat there and another roamed about waiting for news. For weeks they had waited under the glare of the sun, compelled by the force of circumstances to be detectives rather than scribes. Suddenly and without warning some wondrous treasure would be brought forth in its rough but easy-riding ambulance, to be rushed to another tomb which was used as storehouse and preserving laboratory.

Now and then some rumor would escape the portals, to be weighed and considered before it was put upon the telegraph wire or in the discard.

A press photographer was there, wearing a tarboosh to render himself less conspicuous among Moslem crowds. If it had not been so bright he could have used his nose for a red light in the dark room, and on his cheeks he was raising skin as the farmers of Szechuan raise crops, with

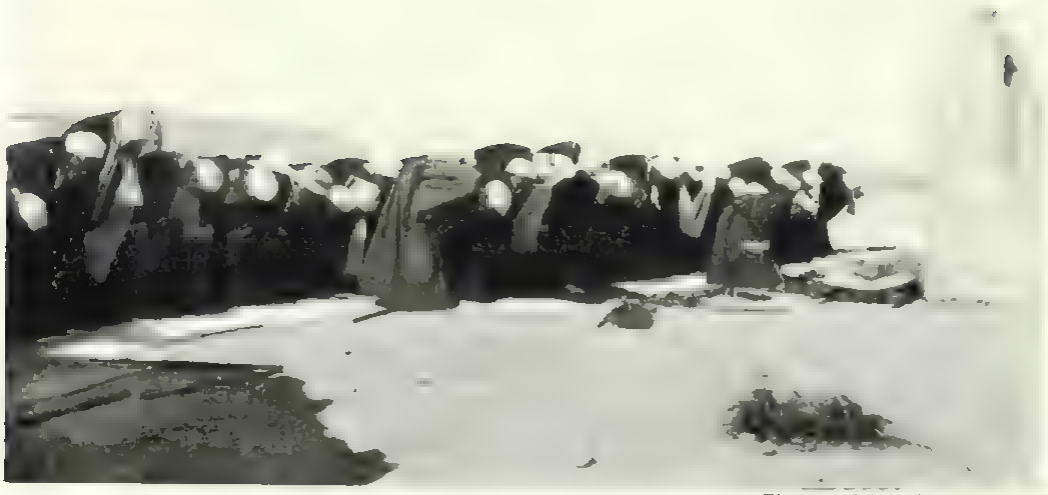
Photograph from Ledger Photo Service

A SCENE AT THE "VISITORS' DONKEY DERBY"

To relieve the monotony of archeology seven days in the week, the visitors to the tomb of Tutankhamen staged a Donkey Derby, which the natives and Europeans attended *en masse*, and left the excavators to work in peace for a day at least.

Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

RIDING TANDEM—A GENERALLY ACCEPTED MODE OF TRAVEL IN EGYPT



Photograph by Edgar Aldrich

A MODERN FUNERAL AMONG THE ANCIENT TOMBS

Sheik Abdul Hannan, who had been assisting Mr. Howard Carter in his work among Egyptian ruins, died a few days after the discovery of Tutankhamen's tomb. His body lies covered upon the bier to the right.

Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

THE DONKEY GARAGE AT THE BARRIER OF THE TOMBS OF THE KINGS

Photograph by Edgar Aldrich

PACKING TUTANKHAMEN'S DAY BED

This remarkable piece of furniture has as its supporting sides two figures of Hathor, the mountain goddess, who came from her cave to the marshes and suckled the god Horus. The figures of the cow-goddess which support the couch are of cedar wood covered with beaten gold, with the conventional clover-leaf design in blue over their backs and sides. Between the curving horns is the lunar disk.

Photograph from Leger Photo Service

AN EFFIGY OF TUTANKHAMEN FOUND IN HIS TOMB

This life-size wooden dummy, which is believed to have been made in the likeness of the king, was carved out of hard wood, painted and gilded. It was probably used for a manikin, but some students have surmised that it is a portrait-bust of Tutankhamen's wife. The native in the photograph is carrying the figure so that it looks as if it had legs and were walking.

Photograph by Edgar Aldrich

TWO WHEELS FROM THE CHARIOT OF A PHARAOH

Made of wood, gilded, and with bronze hubs, these wheels are being removed from the tomb of King Tutankhamen by Mr. Howard Carter and Mr. A. C. Mace, of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. Each wheel has six spokes, as the sculpturing on the sides of ancient temples has shown was customary for Egyptian chariots.

Photograph by Edgar Aldrich

THE WAITING CROWD SEES PHARAOH'S CHARIOT REMOVED FROM HIS TOMB

The greatest care as well as all the known resources of science were employed in preserving the fragile objects, which were liable to crumble to dust when exposed to the air after more than 3,000 years. This task was no small one, when it is recalled that there were 167 objects of importance in the antechamber of the tomb alone.

new growth showing between the older ones, which were ready to harvest.

These were the men who were trying to give the news of this great discovery to the world.

AN AIR OF MYSTERY EVEN IN BROAD DAYLIGHT

This superheated graveyard, which was to become a picnic ground and levee for royalty on the morrow, was a silent place. The correspondents spoke in whispers, as though the secrets of the spot would be violated by loud talk. Mystery hung as heavy on the place as mystery ever can in the full light of day.

One of the bosses quietly called two white-robed natives, who removed the curtain and the wooden hatch-work which closed the outer portal and carried two limp boards down into the shadowy depths.

Conjecture at once began. It wanted only a "My dear Watson" to make the scene complete. "They're too weak for shorings and not stiff enough to carry anything on." But the photographer looked once more at his shutter and once more judged the well-known distance to the gate through which anything removed from the tomb must pass.

Photograph by Edgar Aldrich

A TRAY OF EMBALMED OR PRESERVED MEAT AND FRUIT 3,273 YEARS OLD

Haunches of venison, trussed ducks, game, and joints of meat of all sorts were preserved and packed in elliptical wooden boxes painted white. This food was intended for the "Ka," or Double, of the king in the other world.

Photographs by Maynard Owen Williams

THE AMERICAN MINISTER TO EGYPT, DR. J. MORTON HOWELL, AND OTHER NOTABLES AT THE TOMB SHORTLY BEFORE THE ARRIVAL OF THE QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS

THE LUNCHEON CARAVAN ARRIVES

The rising tide of sightseers to the Valley of the Kings became such a flood upon the opening of the tomb of Tutankhamen that practically every available transport facility within a large area had to be commandeered to take care of the visitors.

Photographs from Ledger Photo Service

HAMPERS OF FOOD FOR THE VISITORS TO THE TOMB

Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

ALL MODERN COMFORTS FOR NOTABLES AT THE TOMB OF TUTANKHAMEN

This camel bore across the hot sands a rapidly shrinking load of ice for the distinguished guests at the formal opening of the tomb on February 18th.

It was late when I left, and the third correspondent rode beside me as I walked; but the two men I had first met and the tarbooshed press photographer hung there at the mouth of the silent tomb, hoping that some secret would yet be revealed that day.

GAIETY AND TENSION ON THE EVE OF THE OFFICIAL OPENING

After dinner I sat in the lobby of the big tourist hotel at Luxor and watched the serio-comedy on the eve of the official opening, where the gaiety of Brussels on the eve of Waterloo was combined with a tenseness that was evident to all.

This tenseness was not all on the side of the anxious reporters who had for so long put up a nerve-racking fight to get the news; for they had beaten the diggers themselves in telling the world that the wall into the inner chamber had been pierced the day before and that the hoped-for sarcophagus had been seen.

Now and then some one went to speak to Lord Carnarvon and his charming daughter. But few seemed to care to announce their bridge scores or their opinions of the League of Nations, and the subject about which all were thinking was taboo.

PREPARATIONS FOR ROYAL VISITORS TO THE TOMB

Early Sunday morning I rode out to the scene of the official opening. There were only a few visitors as yet, but the stage was all set for the big event of the day.

To the left was the tomb of Rameses IX, in whose shady corridor the Sultana and the Egyptian officials would later await the coming of the Belgian Queen. Just beyond, a steep stairway led to the

ROYALTY PAYS TRIBUTE TO ROYALTY

Queen Elizabeth of the Belgians entering King Tutankhamen's tomb with Lord Carnarvon, Mr. Howard Carter leading the way. Behind Her Majesty is Lady Evelyn Herbert, the daughter of Lord Carnarvon. The man with the white flower in his buttonhole (behind Lady Evelyn) is Lord Allenby, the British High Commissioner for Egypt and the Sudan.

Photographs by Maynard Owen Williams

PEEPING OVER THE RIM AT HISTORY OF THREE THOUSAND YEARS AGO

These spectators are looking down upon the entrance to the tomb of Tutankhamen on the day of the official opening, February 18, 1923.

THE SULTANA'S PARTY BEFORE THE TOMB OF TUTANKHAMEN

Eastern and Western womanhood, typified by the Sultana of Egypt, who clings to the enshrouding cloak and veil, and Lady Evelyn Herbert (Lord Carnarvon's daughter), wearing a wide straw hat, pay homage to a king whose court must have been as elaborate as that of any modern monarch.

Photographs by Maynard Owen Williams

NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENTS AT THE TOMB

A battery of motion-picture photographers was stationed on the heights rising to the rear. Every visitor to the tomb carried at least one camera.

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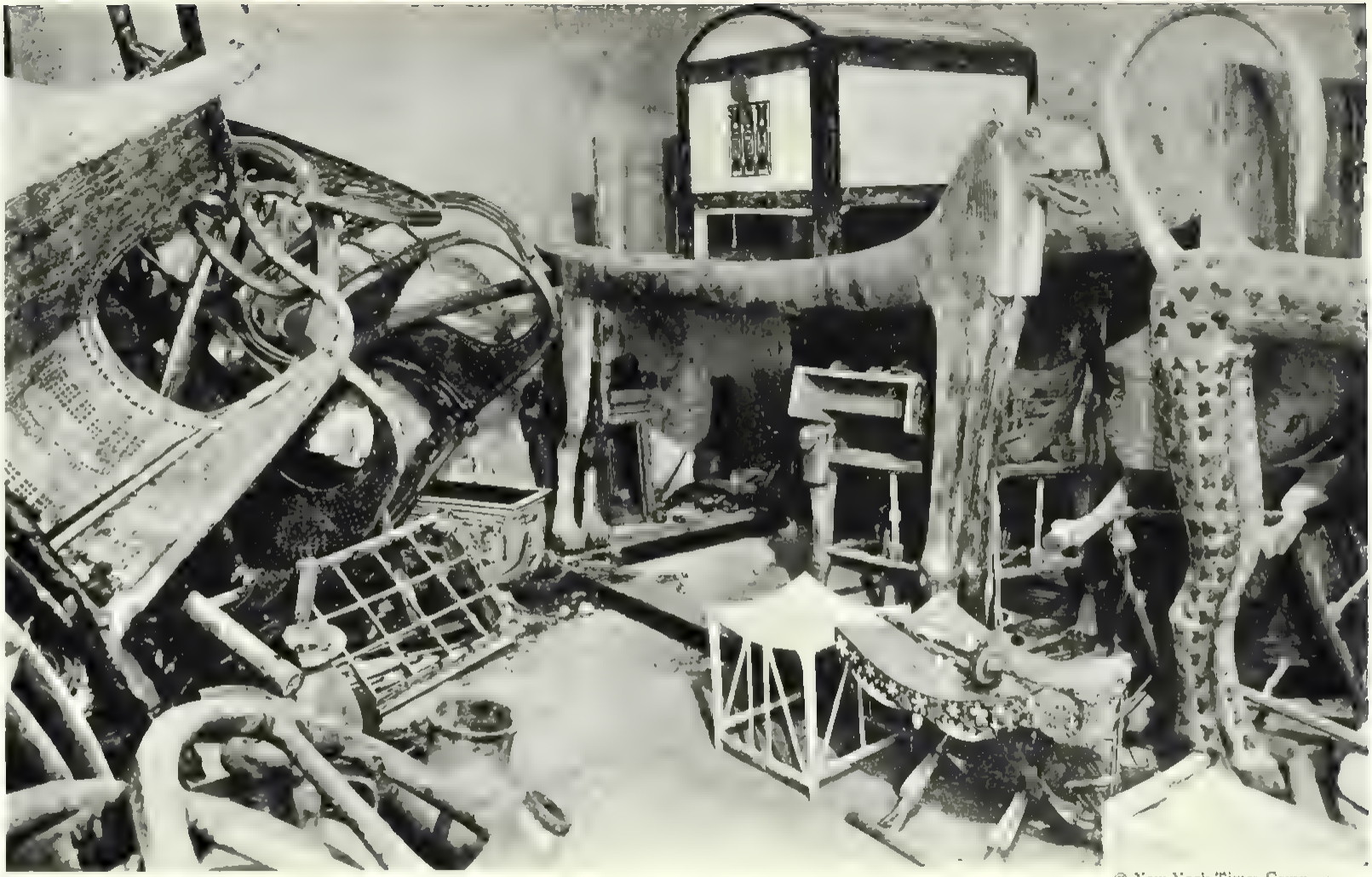
A VIEW OF THE ANTECHAMBER OF TUTANKHAMEN'S TOMB

The statues are images of the king, guarding the sealed doorway between them (see pages 493 and 506). At the right is a large funeral bouquet. In front of it is a casket whose vaulted lid bears paintings depicting lion hunts, the sides being decorated with paintings showing the king in battles against African and Asiatic enemies. The contents consist of the king's raiment. The long box is a linen chest filled with the king's undergarments. Hathor, the cow goddess, supports one of the sides of the royal ceremonial couch (see also page 472).

[This illustration and those on pages 481, 482, 483, 484, 486, 487, 490, 493, 494, 504, and 506 are protected by *The Times* (London) world copyright by arrangement with the Earl of Carnarvon. Photograph by Mr. Harry Burton, of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, expedition, lent by courtesy of the trustees, the director,



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SOME OF THE OBJECTS WHICH TUTANKHAMEN WISHED TO USE IN THE AFTERWORLD

In the right foreground is the king's stool, made of solid ebony inlaid with ivory and mounted with gold. The feet of the stool represent ducks' heads, and the seat is inlaid to represent an animal skin. In the background is the Typhonic animal (page 504), upon which rests a large wooden casket, and underneath it appears the end of the king's throne covered with gold and silver and inlaid with semi-precious stones. Upon the back of the throne is a tableau representing the king and queen under the Aten (sun), the rays being in bas-relief. At the left are parts of four royal chariots. The casket bears the names of Tutankhamen and the cartouche of his queen, Ankhsenamen

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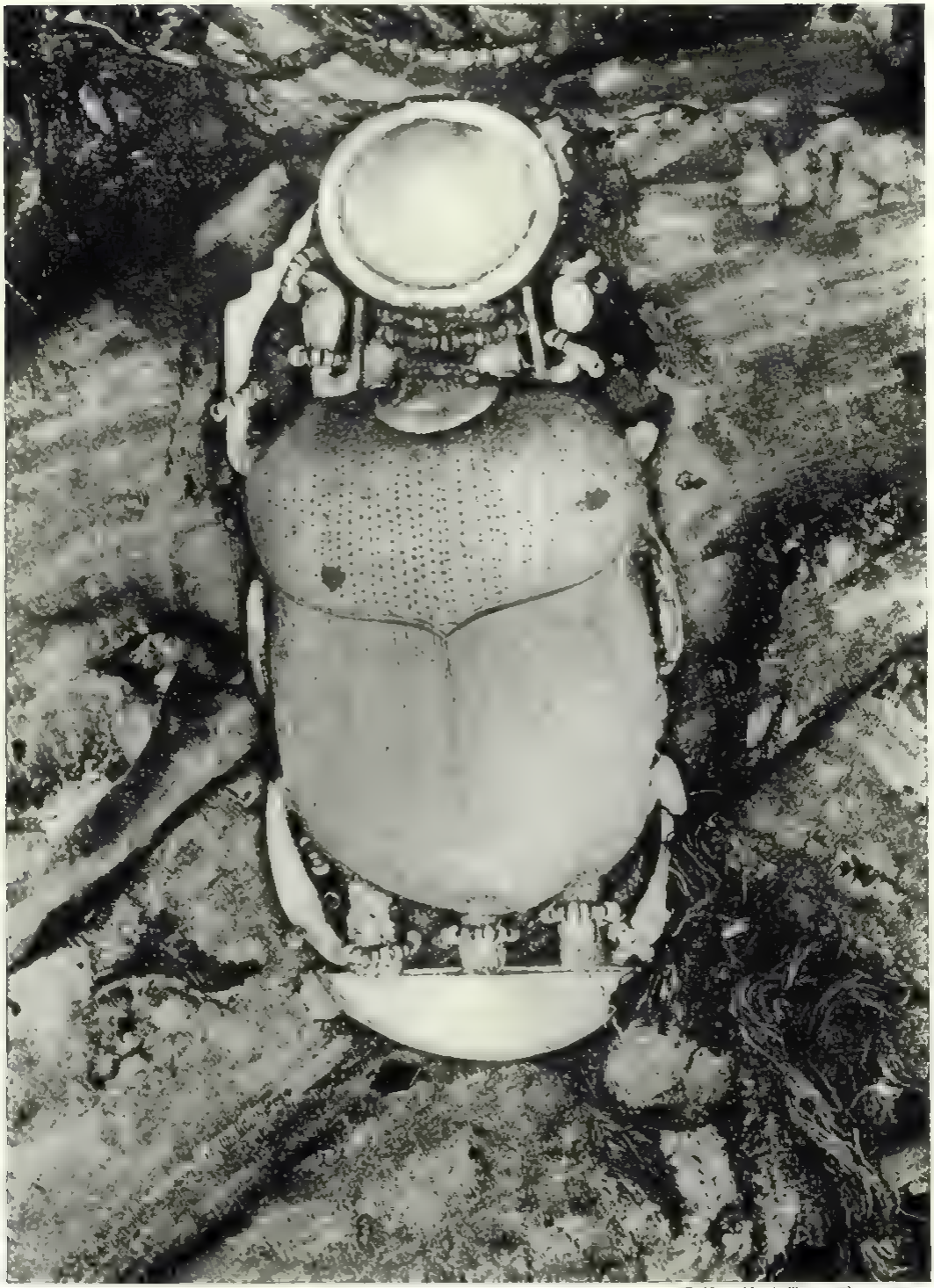
ALABASTER VASES FILLED WITH UNGUENTS

On each side of these vases are open-work lotus and papyrus devices, that bear the symbols RNPT-HEN, meaning "a hundred thousand years." These devices signify the binding together of the "Two Lands"—that is, Upper Egypt and Lower Egypt. Though in the tomb of King Tutankhamen for 3,300 years, the unguents retain their perfume and become viscous in the sun.



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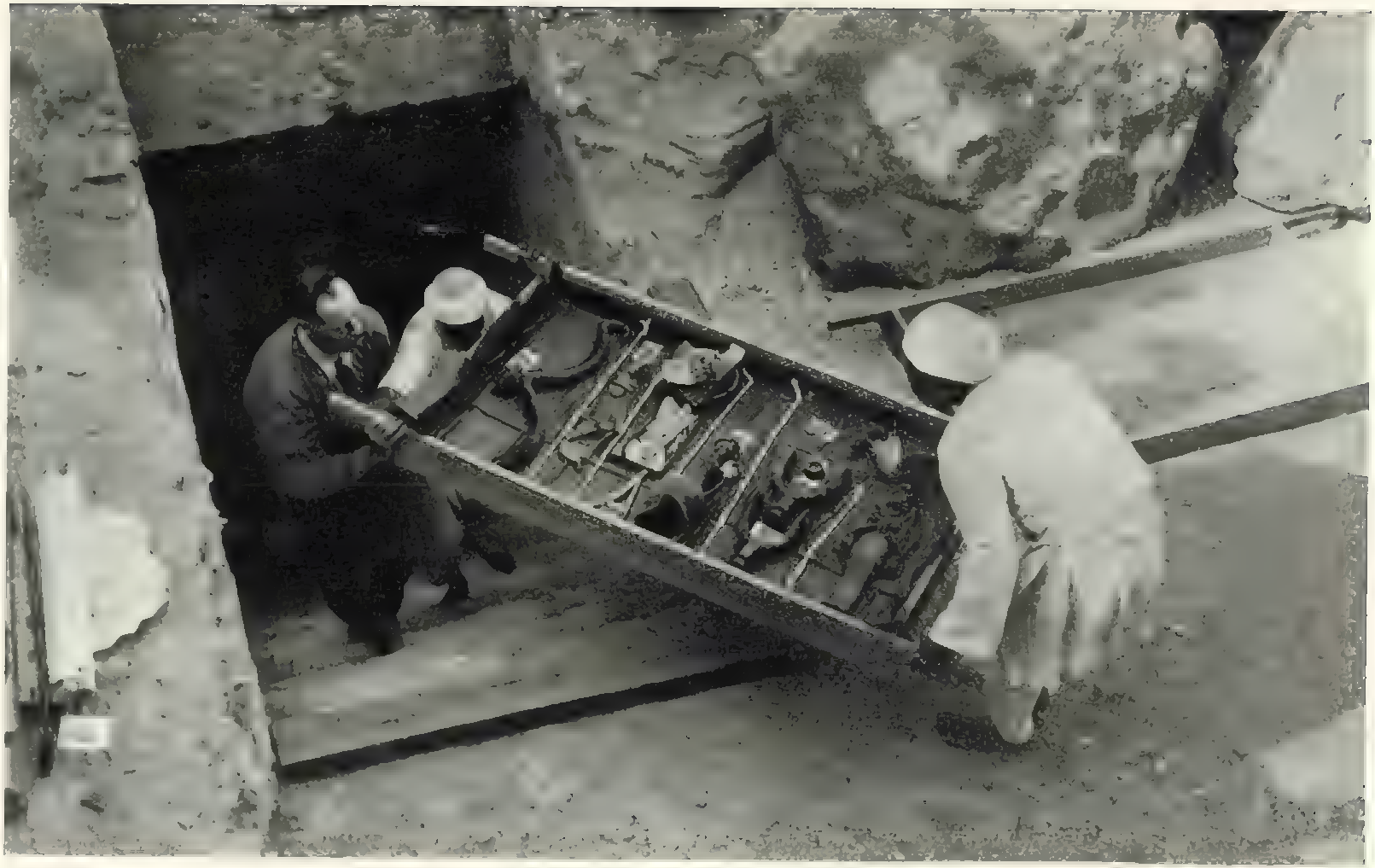
THE GOLDEN SCARAB BUCKLE ON THE ROYAL ROBE OF THE NEW-FOUND PHARAOH

Finely wrought in silver and gold and inlaid with carnelian, lapis lazuli glass, and turquoise glass, the design of this buckle proclaims the name of the king. The scarab, a member of the dung-beetle family, was much venerated in ancient Egypt, being sacred to the sun-god. Beautifully engraved scarabs were used by the Egyptians as seals.



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A TRAYFUL OF TREASURES FROM THE TOMB

Various parts of chariots are recognized and in the end nearest the camera a statue.

unimportant tomb to which the mummy of the heretic king Akhenaton, whom Manetho refused to mention, was brought from Tell-el-Amarna.

TOMB OF AKHENATON USED AS PHOTOGRAPHER'S DARK ROOM

If the spirit of this ruler who sought to release his people from the priestly forms and outworn conventions and to establish monotheism throughout his empire still hovered in the place, what feelings it must have had! For this tomb was being utilized as a dark room for the official photographer, and under his red light developed strange pictures of the treasures that were being found across the way—finds of such magnificence as Akhenaton never knew.

Overhanging the new entrance was the tomb of Rameses VI, one of those weak rulers of the XXth dynasty under whom the priests of Ammon seized an increasing amount of temporal power.

As the day grew hot, small companies of visitors arrived; but there had been no attempt to make this a popular holiday and the crowd could never have numbered more than 200.

About noon there arrived a squad of camels laden with food and drink for the distinguished guests. The last of them seemed to be sweating from the heat, an unusual phenomenon, made plain when one noticed that his load was ice in gunny sacks.

None of this feast was eaten by the guests, for the train which brought Her Majesty and Lord and Lady Allenby to Luxor was so late that lunching out there in the graveyard of royalty was not to be thought of. Those who had come early had already eaten their lunches in the tunnel leading to the tomb of Amenmesse, as one eats in a railway lunchroom, with one eye on the clock and the other on the door. The age-old walls of stone echoed to the rattle of the portable typewriter operated by a press association man.

THE QUEEN ENTERS THE TOMB

Then came Lord Allenby in his motor-car, to wait near the barrier to welcome the Queen.

A motor rolled up; a white-clad figure alighted; there were numerous introductions, especially to those Egyptian officials present, and the Queen, with Mr. Carter leading the way, with Lord Carnarvon on her left and with Lord Carnarvon's daughter just behind, went down the incline that leads to the tomb mouth. Within a moment Her Majesty had entered the shadowy portal behind which Tutankhamen, if indeed his mummy actually be under that huge gilt canopy, silently awaited her coming.

The next item of real interest was the dust on Lord Allenby's back when he came out, perhaps a half hour later. A man doesn't come out here in the desert with an unwilted carnation in his buttonhole and then get his back dusty by accident. The sarcophagus fills the inner chamber so tightly that the distinguished Englishman had to brush the wall to get by the corner.

A VIEW OF THE INNER TOMB

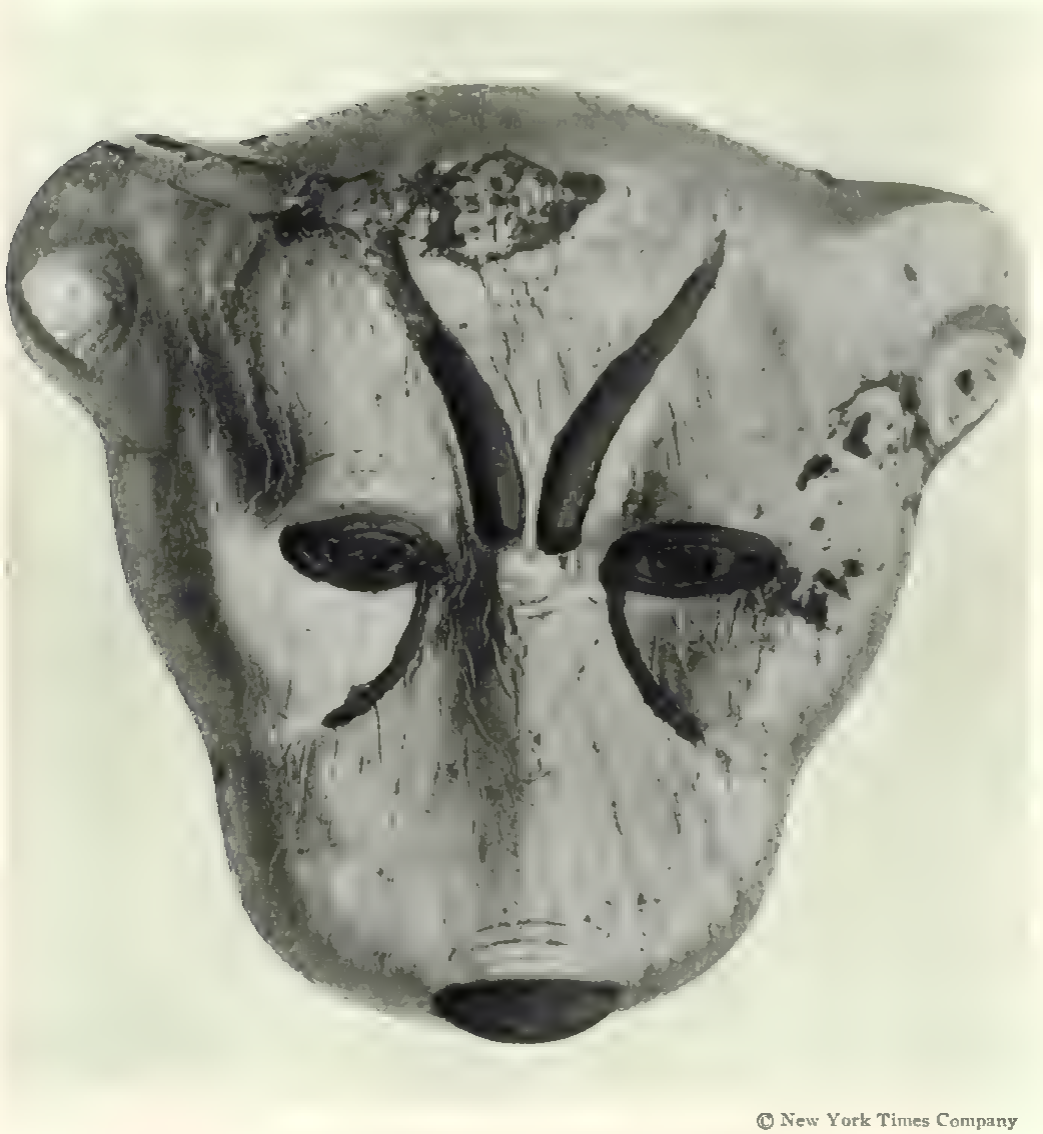
On Monday, the day after the official opening, I entered the tomb, together with the first small group of correspondents.

It was a stamp-collector in Beirut who made me understand the precautions taken by the excavators on the first day when the inner opening was revealed to the correspondents. I started to pick up one of his treasures in my bare hand and he almost cried with pain. He quickly passed me some delicate tweezers with which I could examine the stamp at leisure. He realized that I could not understand his care, but he forced me to be careful.

There were those among us who were able to understand much from what we observed; but my study of Egyptian treasures had been made hurriedly more than ten years before.

This is what I saw:

Steep steps led down to an incline which ended at a new iron gate, beyond which there was a strong light. In these days the Valley of the Kings' Tombs could almost advertise, "All modern improvements," as several of the tombs have long been lighted for the convenience of visitors, and Mr. Burton had, for the benefit of his official photographic work, a high-power electric bulb which made the first chamber we entered as light as day.



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A LEOPARD'S HEAD BUCKLE FROM THE TOMB

This buckle was on a robe found in one of the caskets in the antechamber of the sepulcher. Most of the king's raiment in these clothes chests was badly crumpled and the fine fabrics had almost completely perished.

Just behind the light, which was shielded by a rough board, there was one of the nearly life-size figures of the king, stricken stiff by the artist and standing helpless in its vain attempt to guard the royal tomb, a gilt mace in one hand, a long gilt staff in the other, with a palm-leaf guard below the hand. The portions of this statue which represented skin were the dark, almost black, color which distinguishes the male figure from the female in Egyptian art.

The official photographs of this statue and its twin on the other side of the doorway, at the right end of the transverse chamber, make description of these guardian figures futile. Their decorations are in gilt, if not in gold, and the feet—long, flat and shapeless—stand upon what may be gold sandals. In the face and one leg of the right-hand statue there are deep cracks, which do not lessen the uncanny effect of the sculpture.

Facing each other across the space to

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PREPARING TO MOVE ONE SIDE OF ONE OF TUTANKHAMEN'S BEDS TO THE EXCAVATORS' WORKSHOP (SEE DETAIL PHOTOGRAPH, PAGE 504)

The priceless relics of the antechamber of King Tutankhamen's tomb were removed with elaborate care, lest any of them be marred in being transferred.

which they were supposed to form a barrier, these statues have a far-away look—gazing down from the fourteenth century before Christ. Their carefully creased kilts, which stand out in front of them like elevated snow-plows, are said to be unlike any others found, although similar ones are frequently represented in paintings and bas-reliefs (see pp. 493 and 506).

WONDERFUL DECORATIONS ON THE SARCOPHAGUS

Between these two statues was the entrance to the inner chamber, blocked by new timbers, so that one could not pass into the chamber itself.

The distance between the huge sarcophagus and the rough walls is so small that one would have to pass with care. New boards separated from the sarcophagus by soft buffers protected this corner of the huge case in which it is hoped Tutankhamen reposes. It was evident that after Lord Allenby got his back dusty greater precautions had been taken to protect this matchless relic of the past.

Words cannot give any impression of the decorations of this great box, of

Photograph by A. Gaddis and G. Seif

THE SAD-FACED MUMMY OF AMENOPHIS II IS EXHIBITED IN HIS TOMB TO THE TOURIST CROWD

This great Pharaoh, successor to Thothmes III, lies in his sarcophagus in the Valley of the Kings, theatrically flooded with electric light. When he was exhumed the famous bow of the great soldier was found by his side—the one which he boasted none but he could draw. It bore the inscription "Smiter of the Cave-dwellers, overthrower of Kush, hacking up their cities—the Great Wall of Egypt, Protector of his soldiers." To-day his remains are a spectacle for the curious, and none so poor to do him reverence!

Photograph by Earle Harrison

THE MUMMY OF YUAA, NOW IN THE CAIRO MUSEUM, IS ONE OF THE BEST PRESERVED IN EGYPT

This was the father of the famous Queen Tiyi, who was the mother of Akhenaton, the heretic king (see text, page 461). Though Tiyi was not of royal birth, as the wife of the powerful Amenophis III, she had her mother and her father, who was a priest of Min, buried in all the state of royal Egyptians. This mummy's hair, which in reality is white, has become discolored with rust from the salts contained in the embalming fluid.

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ONE OF TUTANKHAMEN'S SANDALS

The relic is of gold work laid on leather, which has, for the most part, gone back to dust. The buckle, with its central lotus-flower design flanked by ducks' heads, is of gold inlay of exquisite workmanship.

which only a corner could be seen. The secret eyes looked out reproachfully at one from half-way down the right-hand edge and a serpent helplessly vibrated his coils at convenient folds up near the top.

The structure appears to be wood, covered with gold leaf or thicker gold, which is quite bright and has across it a fine frieze in lapis lazuli or faience enamel. It seemed to me to be about nine feet high, and by looking in to the left, in which direction the sarcophagus extends, it appeared to be about eighteen or twenty feet long. Its breadth could only be judged by the size of the chamber, but might be eleven feet (see page 506).

If the view of the inner chamber, on whose right-hand wall there is a small but brightly colored mural decoration, was as disappointing in extent as it was satisfying in quality, the view of the chamber in which we stood was a source of equal disappointment.

The great mass of treasure which had packed this chamber had been removed, leaving it almost bare. At the right, the two guardian statues of the king, which could not protect his withered form; at the left, a few treasures, including two alabaster vases, which appeared to me more beautiful than the marvelous specimens which had been removed and which I knew through photographs. The pet goose of one of the superintendents was there, a small wooden figure, about which he was far more willing to joke than he was to describe the hidden wonders of the inner chamber.

Near the lower left corner of the back wall a small barrier of thin boards shut off all view of a chamber beyond, which rumor says is filled to the roof with funeral offerings.

REPARTEE IN THE TOMB

Further references to the "Christmas goose" did not help my understanding of Egyptology, and I reluctantly departed. But before I went away I overheard two remarks. A press association man was discussing the decorations on the sarcophagus with the superintendent:

"It's awfully nouvel art," said the news writer.

"Yes, quite Louis Quatorze," replied the superintendent.

"I suppose, if the mummy is in there, he will be wearing some fine jewelry," said a lady present.

"If he's intact, he'll be ragged out like a bloomin' Maharaja," was the reply. And as I went out into the blinding sunlight, some one said something about sharing the Christmas goose if the press photographer would furnish the lard.

A VISIT TO AMENOPHIS II'S RESTING PLACE

Later I visited the tomb of Amenophis II, who ruled only about 70 years before Tutankhamen's seven years of power but whose sad-faced mummy has been flooded by electric light for many years and whose faded garlands seem so pitiful, even out there amid the barren hills. In a side chamber are three mummies, hollow-bodied and gruesome, like propaganda pictures for famine relief. Perhaps that is what Tutankhamen has ahead of him. How many "It's awful interesting"s will be pronounced over his body!

I had luncheon in the Western Valley, where instead of one great amphitheater, backed by a natural pyramid of disintegrating rock, there are a score of little hollows surrounded by round columns of shale, which remind one of Crusader castles above steep slopes of masonry.

THE GEOGRAPHIC'S STAFF CORRESPONDENT EMERGING FROM TUTANKHAMEN'S TOMB

On the morning after the official opening of the tomb in the presence of the Queen of the Belgians, Mr. Maynard Owen Williams, together with the press representatives of six British publications, one press association correspondent, and one other American journal, were accorded the first private view of the inner tomb with its as yet unopened sarcophagus. The following day Mr. Williams conveyed in person to Lord Carnarvon the cabled congratulations of the National Geographic Society upon the great archeological find.

Carrying a candle which dripped hot wax upon my hands, I followed my guide into the dark depths of the tomb of Amenophis III. The floors are cluttered with sharp stones. Many of the mural decorations have been chipped away by vandals. The top of the violated sarcophagus lies broken in its sanctuary. The name of the excavator who opened this tomb is known by few.

As we passed through the last doorway, something brushed my face, and I turned to find my guide burning the delicate double ears of the shiny-eyed bats which clung there in a solid mass. Before I could knock the candle from his hand a squeak of pain had set the mass in motion, except for the mother bats, beneath whose outstretched wings squirmed their naked young. The mothers stayed to protect their little ones. While I remained, looking into their beady eyes, I fancied that I could see their hearts flutter inside their tiny forms.

We stepped aside into the empty chamber, with its broken floor and ruined walls, and I blew out my candle, so that I could stay for a moment in the dark, and feel, rather than see, what a tomb is like.

The bats had stopped their squeaking. There was not a sound in that formless chamber crowded with darkness. For a minute or two I stayed, telling myself that the cavern in which I was hiding was a tomb, that the whole great mass of limestone above my head was a vast burial place.

The fête of Sunday was past, the luncheers in the corridor of Amenmesse were forgotten. There was no rattle of typewriters, no mention of a "Christmas goose." My guide might as well have been a mile away. I seemed alone there in that massive mausoleum of the hills.

BACK IN LUXOR

Back I rode toward Luxor. The *ghaffirs*, who yesterday stood so straight when the Queen went by, now squatted in the dust. The camel corps, whose picturesque forms had so fittingly guarded that ribbon of road through this Khyber Pass of Egypt, were no longer to be seen. A train of sugar cane whistled its departure for Armant; and the very girl who two days ago offered to share her sugar cane with a wanderer on foot now came out to beg baksheesh of me, mounted on "Marconi," whose wave-length was short and irregular (see page 468).

Up the Nile there swept an ugly hull with butterfly sails of purest white. The bougainvilleas across the water, a vivid mass of purple against the yellow walls of the big hotel, contrasted with the dusty colonnades of the Temple of Luxor across the river. As I came to the boat landing, I could smell the coffee which the donkey-drivers were making in their rude reed shelters.

We crossed the Nile in that slanting fashion which sets the distant hills in motion around each point upon its bank, and came in the glory of late afternoon to the gray bund of Luxor, alive with tourists from the big hotels and from three steamers which had just arrived.

I stepped into a shop to leave my films and realized that the sway of Tutankhamen still grips the world, for a woman in white was speaking:

"I do hope that we can get a pass, because I'm just crazy over mummies, and they say this one will be the best of all."

But the mummy of Tutankhamen, if it be waiting there, staring with sightless eyes at the lid which will soon be removed, has not yet been released from the bondage of the tomb to which he was carried by his friends for the preservation of his body and for protection from the world.

A more detailed account of the findings of Lord Carnarvon and Mr. Howard Carter, by the Staff Correspondent of the NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE, *together with an article on the Tombs of Ancient Egypt, with especial reference to the Tutankhamen relics, by the Rev. James Baikie, will appear in an early number of* THE GEOGRAPHIC. *Dr. Baikie will be remembered by our readers as the author of "The Sea-Kings of Crete" (January, 1912), "The Resurrection of Ancient Egypt" (September, 1913), and "The Cradle of Civilization" (February, 1916).*

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ONE OF THE LIFE-SIZE STATUES OF KING TUTANKHAMEN GUARDING THE DOORWAY OF HIS SEPULCHRAL SANCTUARY

The statue is of wood covered with black pitch. The headdress, collaret, armlets, wristbands, dress, mace, and staff are gilded and the sandals are of gold. On the forehead is the royal cobra of inlaid bronze and gold. The eye sockets and eyebrows are of gold, the eyeballs of aragonite, and pupils of obsidian.

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THE SCENE OF EXCAVATION OPERATIONS IN THE EAST VALLEY OF THE TOMBS OF THE KINGS

This general view of the site of Lord Carnarvon's excavations shows Tutankhamen's Tomb, two previous excavations made by the discoverers, a guard tent of soldiers, an old tomb used as a dark room, the tomb of Rameses VI, a tomb used for rest and lunch by visitors, a tomb used for the electric power supply, and a watchman's hut.

© Elmendorf, from Galloway

THE PORTRAIT STATUES OF RAMESES II AT LUXOR

Rameses II, who came to the throne of Egypt some 125 years after Tutankhamen and ruled for 67 years, has been facetiously called the "father of mural advertising." He erected colossal portrait statues of himself in many parts of Egypt, and one eminent archeologist charges that "he stole the work of better men and battered his own eternal cartouche in upon their inscriptions, the most valuable records being ruthlessly falsified to the vainglory of the sublime egotist."

Photograph by A. Caddis and G. Self

THE FOUR COLOSSI OF RAMESES II BEFORE THE GREAT TEMPLE OF ABU SIMBEL

Above the entrance the falcon-headed sun god is seen stepping forward to greet the rising sun, and at the top is a frieze of baboons, also connected with the sun worship. The inner sanctuary of the temple is lighted at sunrise only. Small statues of members of Rameses' family stand between and outside the legs of the colossi, which are more than 65 feet high—taller than the colossi of Memnon. Abu Simbel is on the Nile, south of Assuan.

Photograph by J. P. Sebah

PORTION OF THE SCULPTURED WALL OF THE TEMPLE OF SETI I AT ABYDOS

The walls of this noble edifice erected by Seti I and Rameses II are covered with mythological reliefs, celebrated for their delicacy and beauty. They show each stage in the progress of the soul in the after life, this particular section representing Rameses, who was a devout worshiper of the gods, having his name written by Thoth on the tree of life, he himself kneeling amidst the foliage.

Photograph by H. Béchard

THE CENTRAL AISLE OF THE GREAT HYPOSTYLE HALL OF THE TEMPLE AT KARNAK

Measuring 50,000 square feet, this is the largest hall in any temple in the world. The roof, which has now fallen in, was supported by 134 columns in 16 rows, the columns in the two middle rows being higher than those at the sides. These larger columns are 33 feet in circumference and 80 feet high. In every direction there are reliefs and inscriptions, which were once highly colored, showing the Pharaohs in the presence of Amen-Ra and other gods.

Photograph from Kodak (Egypt), Ltd.

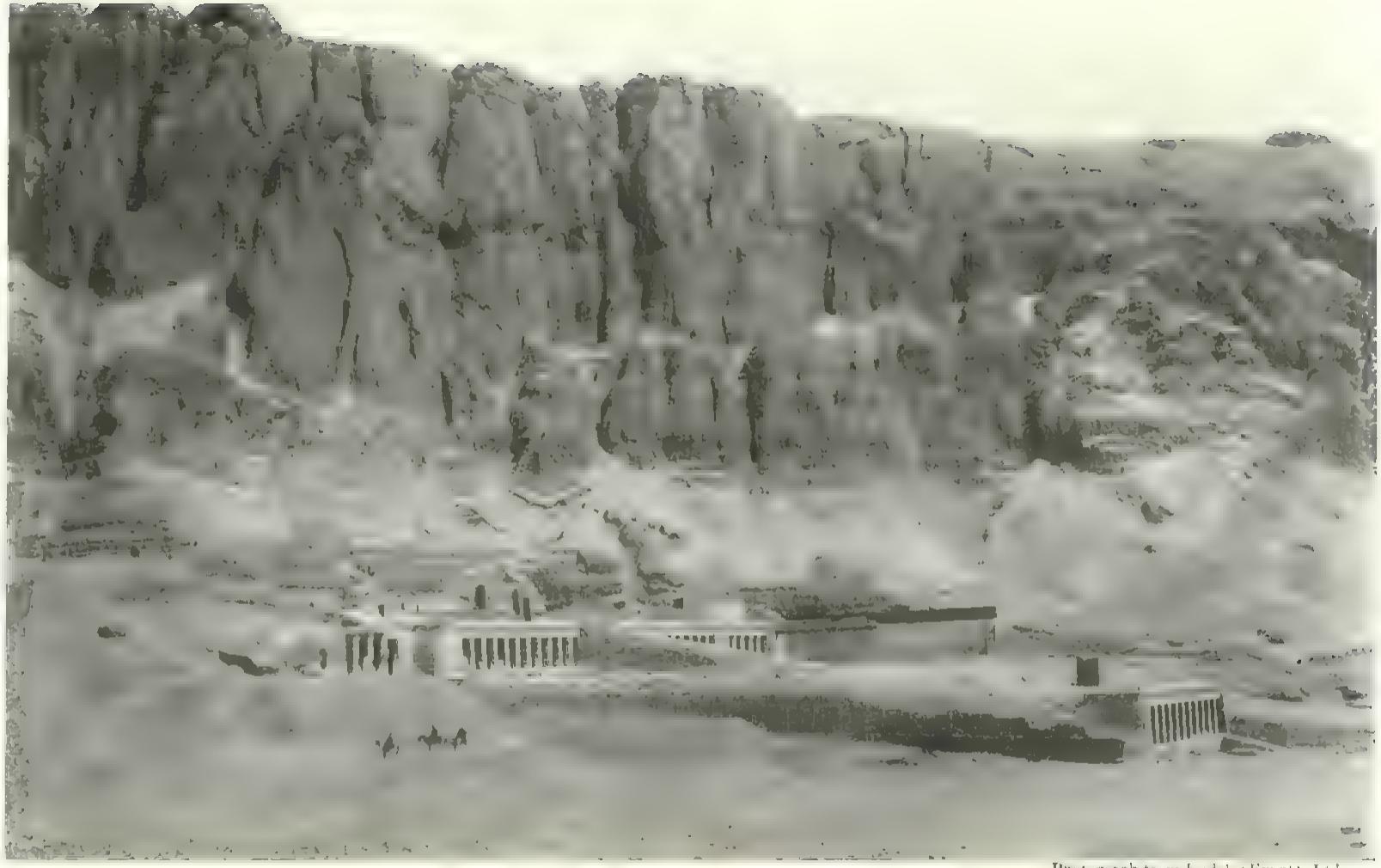
THE GREAT SPHINX AT GIZEH, MONARCH OF THE DESERT

Though time has left its mark on this famous monument, hewn out of the natural rock, it still wears an impressive expression of strength and majesty. It was probably in the beginning an enormous rock shaped somewhat like a lion, and the workmen, while building the tomb of Khafra, noted the similarity and improved it, carving the face in the likeness of their king, the figure implying the union of physical and intellectual force.

Wide World Photograph

REVEALING THE SPLENDORS OF ANCIENT THEBES AT DEIR-EL-BAHRI (SEE MAP, PAGE 467)

Under these great limestone cliffs, the beautiful terraced temple of Queen Hatshepsut, one of the most remarkable women of history, was unearthed (see next page). Near by is the temple of Mentuhotep II, around the central pyramid of which were buried priestesses of the goddess Hathor. These priestesses are supposed to have been members of the king's harem ("royal favorites"), and from the fact that they were all entombed at the same time, before the completion of the temple, it is inferred that they were strangled at the king's death, so that their spirits might accompany their master into the underworld—probably the last instance of such an occurrence in Egyptian history.



Photograph from Kodak (Egypt), Ltd.

THE TOMB OF QUEEN HATSHEPSUT AT DEIR-EL-BAHRI

This famous ruler, who was half-sister, wife, and co-regent of Thothmes II and also co-regent with Thothmes III, had her tomb cut in the cliffs, where the dazzling white of its walls stand out in magnificent relief against the light brown and gold of the rocks in the background. After the death of this domineering woman, Thothmes III (who, according to some authorities, was her husband as well as her stepson and nephew) destroyed many allusions to her and sometimes inserted his own name and figure in place of hers. On the introduction of Christianity into Egypt a community of monks founded a religious group in part of this temple.

© Ehrenfort, from Galloway

THE TEMPLE OF KOM OMBO, ON THE ROAD BETWEEN EDFU AND ASSUAN (ASWAN)

This temple of superb proportions, combining stability and grace, was erected to Sebek and Haroeris. The god Sebek had the form of a crocodile: Haroeris was a lesser deity, the patron of the western desert. At this point in the Nile the crocodiles made the waters unsafe, and from time to time the reptiles crawled across the sand and carried away some human victim at night. Consequently they had to be propitiated by the townspeople of Kom Ombo in the building of a temple.

Photograph by A. W. Cutler

YOUNG EGYPT HAS A WELL-DEVELOPED SWEET TOOTH

The ancient Egyptians were likewise fond of sweets. One of the most remarkable finds ever made by archeologists was a jar of honey, still liquid and still preserving its characteristic scent after 3,300 years, in the tomb of Yuaa and Thuaa, the parents of Queen Tiyi.

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THE HEAD OF ONE OF THE TYPHONIC ANIMALS OF THE ROYAL COUCH FOUND IN THE FIRST CHAMBER OF TUTANKHAMEN'S TOMB

It is of carved wood, gilded and painted, the tongue and teeth being of solid ivory. Some archeologists maintain that these couches are of Babylonian origin and were presented to one of Tutankhamen's predecessors. A detail which supports this theory is that the couches are jointed with bronze, as if they had far to travel. No Egyptian craftsmen built furniture in this way.

Photograph from Kodak (Egypt), Ltd.

ONE OF THE GREAT PYLONS OF THE TEMPLE TO ISIS ON THE ISLAND OF PHILÆ

The oldest temple now standing on this island, once known as the "Pearl of Egypt," was built by Nektanebos in 350 B. C. The chief deity of Philæ was Isis, whose temple was begun by Ptolemy Philadelphus. When the great dam at Assuan (Aswan) was completed the island was submerged and now remains so except from August to December.

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THE SECRET OF THE INNER CHAMBER OF THE TOMB OF TUTANKHAMEN REVEALED

This large structure beyond the opening, believed to contain the mummy of the king, is most elaborately carved and gilded and inlaid with blue faience. Note the serpents at the top and signs of life (or ankhs). A portion of the wall broken down (labeled 28) is left, showing the seals. Behind the shrine at the top can be seen decorations on the walls of the chamber. (A more detailed picture of one of the guardian statues is shown on page 493.)

Photograph from Kodak (Egypt), Ltd.

TREASURE FINDERS: EGYPTIAN DONKEY DRIVERS WHO ARE REAPING A HARVEST FROM THE TOURISTS WHO VISIT TUTANKHAMEN'S TOMB

Sightseers have poured into Egypt from the Riviera and the entire Mediterranean littoral, as well as from England and America, causing prices to soar sensationally. At the time of the opening of the tomb, Alexandria was crowded with people who could not get rooms in Cairo, and Cairo was overflowing with those who could not get reservations at Luxor. As the American went treasure hunting for thrills from the past, he soon found that a hundred natives were plying the same art with a more definite end in view.

© Elmendorf, from Galloway

EGYPTIAN MINSTRELS PLAYING BY THE ROADSIDE FOR PASSING TOURISTS

Though the instruments used by the natives to-day are crude affairs, the harps in the Tombs of the Kings at Thebes show that the early Egyptians studied the art of music with great attention to detail and with that same minute and serious investigation that they displayed in their study of the sciences.

EAST OF CONSTANTINOPLE

Glimpses of Village Life in Anatolia, the Battleground of East and West, Where the Turks Reorganized Their Forces After the World War

By Melville Chater

Author of "The Land of the Stalking Death," in the National Geographic Magazine

"COME along into the Kemalist country with me," said my chauffeur friend, whom I had met by chance in Constantinople. "I'm starting tomorrow."

"But there's a Greco-Turkish war on," I demurred. "How can I manage it?"

"As my mechanic. Put on old overalls, smudge up your hands and face, and you'll get by."

"What are you going in for?"

My friend, who is in the service of an American relief organization, answered with a peculiar narrowing of the eyes, "To take in a can of axle grease to the Talas unit!"

Now, such a mission seemed scarcely to justify a 400-mile trip into the interior of Anatolia, but I laughed and said nothing.

After steaming two days up the Black Sea in a boat crammed with Turkish deck-passengers, who publicly washed and prayed, dozed on rugs, and munched dried fish, whittled off with clasp-knives, we anchored under Samsun's smiling hills and were ferried ashore in one of the sheep-lighters, whose bleating hordes were being hauled up our ship's side, six on a rope's end (see page 510).

Our baggage, together with various tins of gasoline and lubricating oil, came through the customs after stiff payments. The Kemalists were taxing everything 33⅓ per cent ad valorem and were busily enforcing the Koran's dry law of 600 A. D. by confiscating all wines and liquors. I mean that kind of confiscation whereby a "tout" approaches you on the street next day, offering for sale the identical bottle of cognac that was taken from you on the pier. Decidedly, prohibition pays—in Anatolia.

We applied for our *vessikas* (travel permits), then went for a stroll in the town. Though rather battered and insignificant at first sight, Samsun still boasts a commercial importance which was already established when its ancient site was known as Amisus and the district as Paphlagonia. It is the receiving port for the camel-trains which are constantly moving northward or southward across the 500 miles of naked country lying between the Black Sea and the Euphrates (see map, page 534).

STREET SCENES IN SAMSUN

Camels, donkeys, draft-oxen, as well as the representatives of half a dozen Anatolian peoples, throng its cobbled ways. Here is the Turkish *hamal* (porter), his stupendous load resting on the peculiar saddle with which he is begirt and which marks him as a veritable beast of burden. Behind him lounge some Lazis, black-turbaned and clad in black, skin-tight garments, fingering their long daggers and staring about them with a savage ferocity. Greek and Armenian girls are filing into the near-by tobacco factories.

The traveling butcher-shop (a donkey bearing a kind of sandwich-board whereon hang joints of meat) ambles past. The accompanying proprietor cuts off a meat sliver and tosses it to the Koran-reciting beggar asquat in the mud.

Among other things, Samsun contains an American hospital, a Turkish swamp, and much malaria.

Being new in the land, the hospital director zealously undertook to fill in the swamp, which lay within sight of his windows. His act almost created a panic among the local officials, who ordered him to desist at once from filling in *their* swamp. He was given to understand that if it were filled in, there must necessarily be a discontinuance of the annual appropriation which for 30 years had been made for that special purpose.

HOISTING SHEEP ABOARD A BLACK SEA STEAMER SIX AT A TIME

Photographs by Melville Chater

LIGHTERS LADEN WITH SHEEP IN THE SAMSUN ROADSTEAD

Photograph by Melville Chater

SAMSUN'S TRAVELING BUTCHER-SHOP

The meat, attached to boards arranged sandwich-fashion on a donkey, jogs along through the dust and flies, with no board of health to worry about (see text, page 509)

Next day we loaded a motor-truck with our equipment, including one very heavy can of what had been billed through the customhouse as "axle grease," and set out over Samsun's memorably muddy hills.

Encircling the truck's water nozzle was a necklace of blue beads, such as Orientals hang on their draft animals as amulets against the Evil Eye. "My Turkish chauffeur hung it there as a tire-saver," explained my friend. "He claims that the Evil Eye can puncture a tire just as easily as it can lame a horse. A *geordanluk*, he calls it. I call it the rabbit's foot of the Near East."

TOBACCO OF SUPERLATIVE QUALITY FROM THE SAMSUN DISTRICT

He proffered me his open cigarette case, and I lighted something unforgettably ambrosial. "What *are* they?" I reverently asked. My friend waved at the passing fields. "Samsun cigarettes," he said.

While the land still showed patches of green tobacco, most of the crop had been gathered, and every wayside cottage wall was garlanded with strings of brown leaves, drying in the sun.

The Greek or Armenian tobacco grower plows his field with the metal-tipped "crooked stick" of his ancestors; then sets out his plants in furrows a foot apart, choosing some sheltered valley into which the winter rains have washed rich soil.

Daily from mid-July onward he picks the maturing leaves, of which the finest are the topmost on the stalk. The gathered leaves are strung on lengths of twine, and these are stretched parallel across wooden drying frames. At night the twines are suspended over a well, the leaves thus absorbing sufficient moisture to prevent cracking.

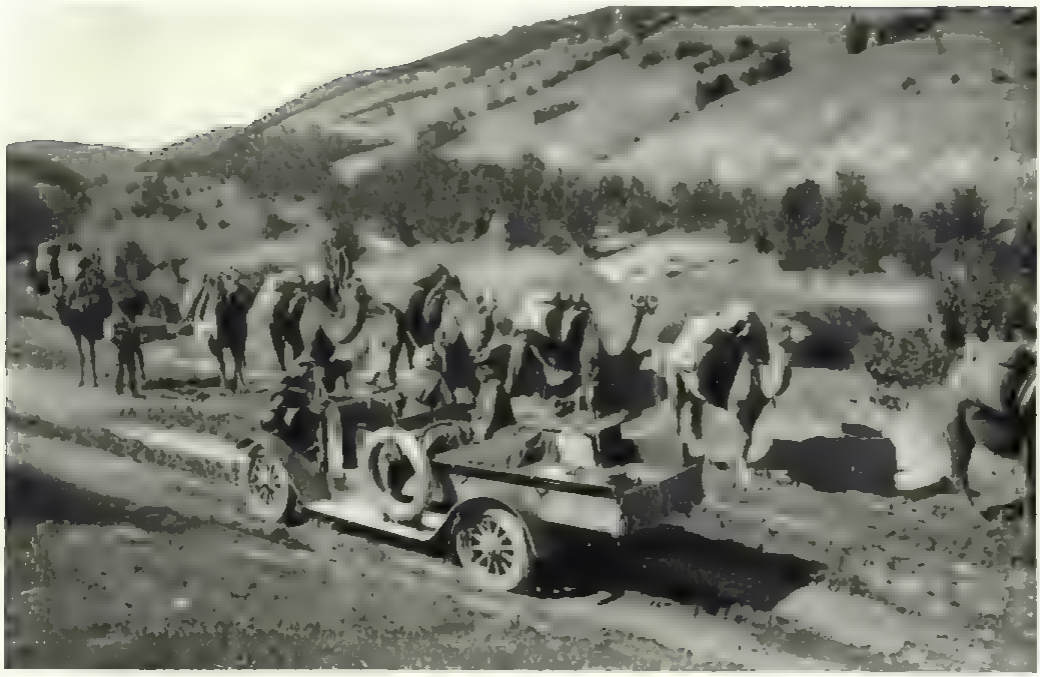
There follows a period of drying within doors; then the leaves are carefully baled, with the finest grade at the bale's center, and transported by oxcart to the government weighing-house, where the planter is taxed 12 per cent of his crop's value. His principal enemies are moles, grasshoppers, green worms, and a parasitical plant, the santchitchek.

"A TIDAL WAVE OF WHITE FLEECE—1,000 ANATOLIAN SHEEP BROUGHT OUR CAR TO A STANDSTILL" (SEE TEXT, PAGE 514)

Photographs by Melville Chater

THE SIDE RUTS ARE PREFERABLE TO THE ROAD ITSELF IN ANATOLIA

Here is an Anatolian "freight-train," always led by a donkey (see text, page 514).



EAST MEETS WEST; CAMELS AND AN AMERICAN MOTOR CAR PASS ON THE ROAD BETWEEN SAMSUN AND MERZIVAN (SEE PAGE 514)

Photographs by Melville Chater

AN ANATOLIAN TEAMSTER AND HIS DRAFT-OXEN

The man on horseback is a Kemalist officer. In the background is the ancient city of Samsun.

Photograph by Melville Chater

BULLOCK CARTS TRANSPORTING GRAIN THROUGH THE STREETS OF MERZIVAN

In 1913 the Black Sea coast of Anatolia had 30,000 tobacco planters, with farms averaging somewhat more than an acre apiece, and the output was 15,000 tons. Of this, one-third was from Samsun, which produces the superlative leaf.

But Turkey can afford to consume only her second and third grades, so two-thirds of Samsun's annual crop goes into American cigarettes.

WHEELED TRAFFIC AVOIDS ANATOLIAN ROADS

We passed the tobacco belt and climbed the first of the three mountain ridges which lay between us and Merzivan, 70 miles distant. Magnificent, though treeless, valleys, the domain of slowly soaring eagles, dropped from our road's brink. Upon us pressed a tidal wave of white fleece, 1,000 head of splendid Anatolian sheep, bringing our car to a standstill.

Mile by mile the ascending track revealed some tiny, minaret-circling village digging its heels into the mountain side; some lonely, cypress-shaded graveyard, with turban-topped headstones slanting awry; some awkward squad of Kemalists at drill, and a continuous stream of bullock and donkey trains bearing produce toward Samsun.

Then we slid down into a treeless plain which displayed Anatolia's peculiar road system, to wit, the ancient, execrable highway, empty of vehicles and paralleled on each side by wheel-ruts in the soft soil, where moved the traffic, sedulously avoiding the road itself.

At one of the wayside heaps of stone which we were passing from time to time an old Turk descended from his cart, tossed a pebble on top of the pile, then resumed his way.

"*Djinn*-laying," explained my friend. "The stone piles are supposed to hold down evil spirits who are given to laming horses. Cheapest known form of travel insurance. But here comes the Anatolian fast freight!"

ANATOLIA'S "FAST FREIGHT" MAKES 15 MILES A DAY

It was a string of 100 grain-laden camels, with their haughty, antediluvian grimace, stalking through that locomotiveless land, where merchandise may often be 500 miles en route to the nearest port. Such, in fact, was the distance this

Photograph by Melville Chater

OXCARTS PERFORMING "THE ANATOLIAN SYMPHONY"

The wheels are never greased, for it is the screech which "sings the driver to sleep." If the cart stops, so does the screech, and the driver wakes to goad his beasts to their task (see text, page 522).

particular train had come, speeding along at the rate of 15 miles per day. A glance at the freight invoice showed that the train was carrying 300 pounds per camel, or a total of 15 tons—an American freight carload—and that the charges per mile amounted to 3 3/5 cents per camel, or $3.60 for the entire "camel carload."

According to these figures, the Anatolian fast freight would be nearly seven months en route from New York to San Francisco, and would deliver its equivalent of one 15-ton carload at a cost of almost $11,000.

I took a snapshot of the train and was at once invited by the head driver to open the little black box and show him the picture. I told him it wouldn't be ready before to-morrow; whereupon he remarked, "It's not so, then, that Americans always do things quickly."

EVIDENCES OF ANCIENT ANIMAL WORSHIP

In passing through the village of Kavak, we glimpsed a blanched ox-skull nailed on a tree-trunk in an orchard. Placed sometimes thus, sometimes atop of a hedge or water-flume, the skull constitutes the Turkish proprietor's charm against the Evil Eye. Numberless figurines of cows and oxen unearthed from time to time in Anatolian mounds suggest an ancient animal worship of which the ox-skull amulet may be a debased survival. One recalls that the Israelites worshiped a calf of gold, and that one of the cherubim of prophetic revelation was ox-faced.

From time to time we were solicited for lifts, and once my friend had to push a too-insistent Turk off the running-board. "Country's full of bandits," he explained to me, setting the can of so-called axle grease more firmly between his feet. "And yet you never know your luck. Once, outside Merzivan, I picked up a very decent-looking chap who, as he had a rifle over his shoulder, seemed like a good investment in case of a holdup by a certain bandit chief who was rather active just then. We traveled together all day long and I dropped him at Sivas. Next morning I found my friend hanging on a gallows in the public square. It was the bandit chief himself."

Photograph by Dr. George E. White

SOLID-WHEEL OXCARTS ON THE PLAIN NEAR MERZIVAN, 70 MILES INLAND FROM SAMSUN

Twenty-five miles farther on we dropped down into the vast, mountain-ringed plain of Merzivan, with the vineyard-encircled city slowly looming up against the west. It was sunset when we entered the narrow, mud-walled streets, where minarets rose, pink-flushed, and housewives were winnowing grain on their doorsteps, and the pariah dogs yelped and the children yelled at our approach.

Fifteen minutes later we were floundering about in the darkness in search of our friends at the American Mission. As public lighting and public amusement do not exist in Anatolian towns, it is with striking suddenness that at dusk their commerce-crammed streets transform themselves into black labyrinths of barred doors and profound silence.

Early next morning we were off again, glimpsing by the wayside a strange sight—a Christian cemetery which had been transformed into a Moslem cornfield. It was after the deportations of 1916 that the Merzivan Turks plowed up this Armenian burying-ground and sowed it to grain—an improvement on the Roman conqueror of Jerusalem, who merely sowed the city with salt.

NO COMMERCIAL HISTORY; A LAND OF INCESSANT WARFARE

Crossing the plain, we entered a rocky defile and climbed the mountains toward Amasia. The poplar-bordered Tersakan Su kept us company, its banks dotted with mud-walled, timber-groined farmhouses, its waters tapped by irrigation ditches which laved green fields where one glimpsed orchards, or grazing cattle, or some little shepherd boy seated cross-legged as he piped a wild air to his nibbling flock.

Then abruptly the road swerved and we came upon Amasia—a terraced, cliff-girt town, sentineled by naked crags whose heights displayed the remains of Persian and Roman walls, the citadel of Mithradates, and the rock-hewn tombs of the Pontic Kings (see pp. 518, 519, and 520).

It was a sudden contrast—an enlightenment. For 100 miles we had traversed a country so scanty in people and landmarks that it had seemed devoid of history; and now, in those sheer crags, we

Photograph by W. Donald Hise

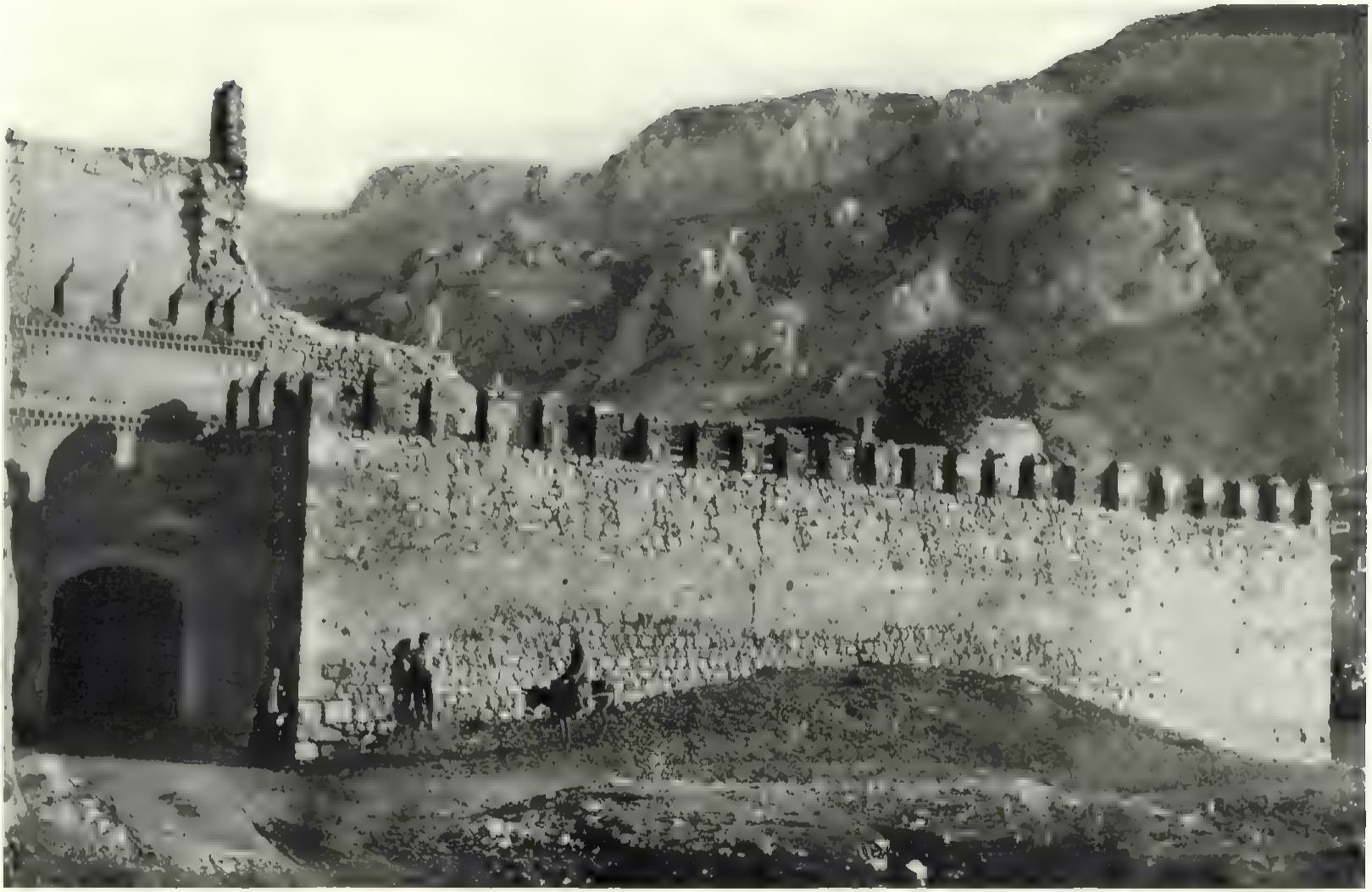
HARVESTING IN THE FIELDS OF ANATOLIA IS A SLOW, HAND-TO-HAND PROCESS

Oxen are used to haul in straw and grain. Note the rude wooden yoke and wagon-tongue of rough timber.

Photograph by L. H. MacDaniels

THE WOOD MARKET AT AMASIA

Extensive orchards and fruit gardens surround this city, which is famous as the birthplace of Strabo, the geographer, who lived during the reigns of Augustus Cæsar and Tiberius. His geography has been preserved practically in its entirety, but his historical work, in 43 books, has been lost.



Photograph by George M. Kyprie

PART OF THE OLD FORTIFICATIONS OF AMASIA, WITH THE MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE FORTRESS

Much of the Seljuk architecture in Amasia dates from the reign of Ala-ud-din Kaikobad I, the prince whose greatest military victory, paradoxically, resulted in the ultimate overthrow of his empire. He destroyed a rival prince whose power had been a bulwark against the oncoming Mongols.

Photograph by George M. Kyprie

AMONG THE RUINS OF AMASIA

Inside this ancient edifice, with its white marble doorway, is a Roman sarcophagus, with the heads of bulls at the corners and overhanging garlands connecting them. There are many rock-cut tombs on the left bank of the Yeshil Irmak, described by Strabo as those of the kings of Pontus (see text, page 516).

beheld the monuments of half a dozen successive empires.

Asia Minor, with its lack of navigable rivers and its obstructive mountain ridges, has, instead of a commercial history, one of incessant warfare. It is the battle-ground where East and West have timelessly waged their struggle for supremacy.

Boghaz Keui, with its strange rock sculptures, speaks of that long-vanished empire of the Mongol Hittites, which succumbed to an Aryan influx of Phrygians. The latter were engulfed by northern tribes, the Cimmerians, whose name still lingers in the mythology of their conquerors, the early Greeks.

The East's turn came again in Persia's 200-year domination; then the western wave rolled in afresh with Alexander the Great's conquests, and still later, with the establishment of Anatolia as a Roman province.

Once again the Asiatic hordes swept in—the Seljuks, the Mongols, the Tatars, the Ottoman Turks—overthrowing one another's brief empires.

That by 1914 the West was once more becoming dominant in Asia Minor is shown by the long lines of German military trucks which still lie abandoned on Anatolian roads. And only yesterday Greek and Turk were warring on the same soil where millenniums ago Greek and Trojan strove at Ilium.

This cinema-like "fade-out" of warring hosts and of brief, successive empires—such is the story of Anatolia, the battle-ground of East and West.

EVERY HOUSEHOLDER MOWS HIS ROOF WITH A STONE ROLLER

Beyond Amasia we skirted the low-banked Yeshil Irmak, where slowly revolving water-wheels dumped their filled buckets into the irrigation ditches of abutting farms. Along the valley, ten miles apart, lay prosperous villages—prosperous in the Anatolian sense—each consisting of a dozen two-storied mud houses where families lived in the attic and their farm animals in the parlor; where the flat mud roof displayed drying peppers and squashes and occasionally a fine standing crop of grass. The last named indicates that the house has been abandoned or that its owner is lazy.

Every well-regulated home in Anatolia contains a small stone roller wherewith the proprietor rolls his roof to keep the weeds down. The house, by the way, is his own handiwork. There is no Mud Trust, so his materials cost him nothing. Masons and carpenters would be as superfluous in Anatolian villages as traffic policemen would be in Venice.

Field after field displayed the same sight—black earth gridironed with irrigation ditches, awaiting the spring freshets, which, descending from the mountains, will often wipe out entire villages in a few hours of quickly subsiding floods. Then the mud-builder cheerily erects for himself another domicile, thanking Allah for filling the ditches of this sparsely watered land.

To jog along for ten hours over a monotonously treeless plain, then suddenly to spy some white town tucked in a crease of the valley, its minarets lifting from among green meadows and luxuriant poplar groves—such is typical of travel in wide Anatolia, with its unexpected oases of charm.

THE ANATOLIAN OXCART SYMPHONY

It was thus that we sighted Tokat; then speeded all too quickly through its orchard-girdled streets, where turbaned patriarchs and black-veiled women turned to stare and yelling bands of children raced beside us. Then for another 70 miles we forged ahead, climbing up a range of mountains and coasting down into the valley where lay Sivas.

It was before we had gained the mountain summit that I caught the weirdest of choral sounds, wafted, it seemed, from miles away—a kind of groaning and shrieking and blaring in intermingled notes, treble and bass. I thought of crickets, locusts, bagpipes, and hurdy-gurdies — of everything but what we sighted upon reaching the mountain top.

It was merely oxcarts, a half-mile stretch of them, proceeding across the plain; and the sound, which grew deafening as we overtook them, was produced by their solid wooden wheels grinding upon the ungreased wooden axles.

There were 135 carts, if you could so describe a couple of boards resting on an axle between two wheels, and every driver lay curled up and sound asleep on a pile of grain sacks, over which was

Photograph by George M. Kyprie

A BAKERY IN AN ARMENIAN VILLAGE: ANATOLIA

Every village has one or two bakeries, where all the neighboring people come and bake their bread. It is customary to bake once a week. Often the bread is so hard that it is a difficult experience for the traveler to eat it. One loaf is now sold for half a cent.

carefully thrown some rug that would have graced a Fifth Avenue show-window.

"They plod along like this for hundreds of miles and at all hours, like a six-day bicycle race with the speed cut out," explained my friend. "Often I've heard them, miles away, crossing the mountains at midnight. Now you understand the why of the screech. If the ox stops, the screech stops also, and the driver wakes up—a kind of reverse alarm-clock arrangement. The louder the screech, the higher price a cart will bring. Once I foolishly undertook to lubricate the screech out of an oxcart's wheels. The owner was perfectly furious about it and threatened to have me jailed if I didn't immediately put the screech back again."

The "Anatolian symphony," as it might well be called, died away behind us, and half an hour later we sighted the citadel mound and the Seljuk mosques of Sivas.

A BATTLE OF BRIDES

Ever since one of the later Armenian kings retreated before the westward sweep of the Seljuk Turks by bartering his province for Sivas, the city has been preponderantly Armenian in population, a refuge for this Christian people flying from the Moslem terror. Nine hundred years have passed, yet to-day Sivas is still a refuge, sought by those Armenian girls who have escaped from the Moslem harems into which they were forced during the war.

I visited a rescue home founded for such girls and witnessed a curious pantomime on the theme of polygamy. Clad in the Turkish trousers, overgarments, and veils in which they had recently fled from polygamous households, the girls assisted at the mock marriage ceremony of one of their number to a youth whose long lovelock proclaimed him to be a Mohammedan dandy.

Leaving his newly-made bride seated on the floor amid a circle of attendant ladies, the husband departed. Presently came word that he was bringing home a second, a Christian, wife. With barbaric wails the bride and her attendants uplifted their hands, abasing their foreheads in the dust. Next, the Christian girl entered, tremulously apprehensive, and laid a propitious bowlful of rice at the bride's feet.

But the polygamous battle was on. Leaping up with a violent scream, the

Photograph by Melville Chater

FARMERS MEASURING NEWLY GROUND GRAIN AT SIVAS TO FIND OUT HOW MUCH THEY OWE THE MILL

bride overturned the bowl on her rival's head, bidding her to be off to draw water. And the Christian girl, shouldering a native water-jar, retreated sorrowfully, singing the Armenian "Song of Exiled Woman," with its mournful refrain:

Flow, fountain, flow, free and unsullied!
Flow, fountain, flow! I must fetch water.
Flow! I must serve in the Bey's son's home.

RELICS OF THE SELJUK EMPERORS OF RÛM

Though the Seljuk emperors of Rûm—that is, Anatolia—have been dust for seven centuries, their glory still lives in those magnificent mosques and mosque-colleges which are found in half a dozen Anatolian towns, and in the vast crumbling khans which dot the surrounding plains.

To walk through the shoddy streets of Sivas and come suddenly upon some tremendous stone temple carved over in a style which has at once a Gothic vigor, a lacelike delicacy, and the luxuriance of an orchid is a breathless experience. Here are portals suggestive of stalactite caverns, designs evolved from the forms of beasts, birds, lily-pads and six-pointed stars, and arabesques so cunning that the eye can scarcely grasp the balanced complexity of their interwoven lines (see illustrations, pages 529 and 530).

The massive walls inclose a paved courtyard, from under whose arched corridors peer the cell-like windows behind which divinity students once pored over their Korans.

The towering minarets, brick-red and fretted over with designs in blue tiling, seem almost to have snatched streaks of color from the blue heavens against which they rise.

The whole is a thing of barbaric magnificence, compared with which the Turkish mosque down the street is a mere whitewashed conventionality.

THE MASTER-BUILDERS OF ISLAM

Not to the Ottoman Turks, but to their predecessors, the Seljuks, must one turn for a glimpse of Islam's early glories.

Of all the world's great monuments, the Seljuk mosques are to-day, perhaps, the most neglected and forlorn. One of

Photograph by L. H. MacDaniels

A MULE CARAVAN WITH ITS ARMED GUARD: ANATOLIA

Military orders were issued recently forbidding foreigners to travel in any part of Anatolia. Persons who had entered the country prior to the issuance of the order experienced great difficulty in leaving it (see text, page 533).

them has become a grain depot, another a shelter for beggars, a third a prison. The doorkeeper—and seldom there is one—can only tell you, "Mosque—very old—long time ago!" as he shows you through some magnificent rubbish-heaped courtyard.

Who were these master-builders of Islam? Early in the eleventh century the Seljuk Turks migrated westward through Bokhara to Bagdad, embraced Mohammedanism, and within 40 years had founded an empire stretching from Afghanistan to the Mediterranean.

After only 70 years' duration, their empire was engulfed in the tidal wave of Mongolian invasion.

During that brief span the splendid sultans of Rûm gathered at their Anatolian court the flower of Persian and Arabian genius—architects, poets, scholars, and mystics alike fleeing before the savage Mongol—and fathered a brief renaissance of Moslem art.

Photograph by L. H. MacDaniels

A CHIEF MAN IN A TURKISH VILLAGE SELLING LUMBER

It was during the reign of a single sultan that the most beautiful of the Seljuk mosques appeared. Aladdin of the wonderful lamp may quite conceivably be no other than this same Ala-ud-din Kaikobad I, at whose command majestic piles sprang out of the plain, like those enchanted palaces of the Arabian nights. "What have we to do with Kaikobad the Great, or Kaikhosru?" asks Omar Khayyam, mentioning the Seljuk emperor and his son as types of fleeting splendor.

"The shadow of God on the universe"—in such sonorous words is the sultan-builder apostrophized in an Arabic inscription over the door of one Seljuk mosque, where to-day chickens cackle, and pariah dogs skulk, and squatting beggars hunt their vermin. And again one recalls old Omar:

> And this first Summer month that brings the Rose
> Shall take Jamshyd and Kaikobad away—

words which may be said to be the epitaph of the magnificent sultans of Rûm.

A CHAIN OF ANCIENT HOTELS UNDER ONE ROYAL MANAGEMENT

Our route from Sivas to Kaisariye lay over the mountains and across 125 miles of plain which yielded many glimpses of Seljuk remains intermingled with Turkish peasant life. Along the excellent high-

Photograph by Encabahian

A VIEW OF SIVAS, SHOWING THE HILL FORMERLY CROWNED BY A CITADEL

Situated in the valley of the Kizil Irmak, Sivas has been an important city of Asia Minor from early times. Under Diocletian it was the capital of Armenia Minor, its ancient name being Sebasteia. When captured by Timur the Lame (Tamerlane), in 1400, its bravest defenders were massacred, 4,000 Armenians being buried alive.

road, and placed at distances of a day's march between, rose those crumbled masses of masonry, the Seljuk khans, erected by Ala-ud-din Kaikobad—a veritable chain of hotels under one royal management, intended to accommodate traveling embassies, personages of the reigning house, and the sultan's own caravans.

"Let's have lunch at the Kaikobad House," irreverently suggested my companion. So we stopped long enough to dispatch some hard-boiled eggs in the shadow of a cavernous ruin set amid the scorching plain. We agreed that the Kaikobad House had a fine outlook, but that it was 200 miles too far from the railroad station.

LAMB'S BLOOD SPRINKLED TO PREVENT FIRE'S SPREAD

It was high noon. Two draft buffaloes were wallowing in the Kizil Irmak as we skirted the stream, while on the plain knelt the solitary teamster, facing toward Mecca with his prayer.

At the next village, where a fire was raging, our passage was delayed while the local priest cut a lamb's throat in midroad, scattering the blood up and down—a rite which was supposed to prevent the flames from crossing.

Animal sacrifice is still common in Anatolia. Individuals will "vow" a sheep in the event of some relative's recovery from illness. A farming community will organize its springtide sacrifice as an appeal to Heaven for rain. And, just as the Israelites struck the Passover lamb's blood on their door-lintels during the plagues of Egypt, so Anatolian Christians have been known to smear crosses of animals' blood on their doors during cholera epidemics.

Tree-worship, also, persists in a modified form, and during that day we passed more than one low tree, standing solitary in the plain, aflutter with strips of travelers' garments hung thereon as votive offerings. The *ziyaret*, or holy place, usually a tree-crowned hillock near running water, often presents the picturesque sight of some patriarchal Turk kneeling there in rapt contemplation of this supposed haunt of some saintly spirit.

It is charming, but is it Islam? One thinks of the Greek "spirits of wood and stream." Decidedly, the Anatolian peasant's religion is streaked with primitive paganism.

"AXLE GREASE" PROVES TO BE GOLD

After four more hours of travel, throughout which the snowy peak of Mt. Argæus beckoned us from across the plain, we reached Kaisariye and skirted the mountain's base to the vineyard-terraced town of Talas.

I don't know which the American relief unit greeted the more warmly, ourselves or our weighty tin of "axle grease," whose actual contents proved to be $50,000 in gold. For a year my chauffeur friend had been transporting such sums across Anatolia. He regarded mere brigands to be a better risk than Turkish officials, and his favorite method of eluding the latter was to carry the money in greenbacks, sewed up in strings of sausage-skins, Mohammedans having an aversion to pork in any form.

Just as Sivas has long been an Armenian center, so Kaisariye has been predominantly Greek ever since the days when this region was known as Cappadocia. Greek vineyards still clothe the flanks of Mt. Argæus and Greek donkey trains still transport gum arabic across the mountains to Kaisariye, where it is sorted and retailed for the sizing of cotton fabrics.

As a shopkeeper, the Cappadocian Greek so excels the Turk that the latter, by boycott and terrorism, has driven his rival from the bazar.

THE SECOND GREATEST TALKFEST IN THE WORLD

More than any other Anatolian town, Kaisariye breathes of an olden distinction as a trade center and the seat of kings. Under the shadow of its Seljuk mosques and Seljuk castle walls, the big bazar hums with the babel of half a dozen tongues.

Persian, Jewish, and Syrian merchants discuss prices and politics, as from the backs of their kneeling camel trains tumble bales of Bokhara rugs and Damascus silks. Small boys fly about with glasses of tea wherewith to slake throats dry from bargain arguments. Everywhere

Photograph by Encabahian

TOWERING MINARETS, BRICK-RED AND FRETTED OVER WITH DESIGNS IN BLUE TILING: SIVAS

Note the two figures on the platform of the minaret at the left. This is one of the Seljuk madrassahs, a relic of Islam's early glories. Many of the finest architectural remains of Sivas date from the time of Ala-ud-din Kaikobad I, one of the most illustrious and powerful of the Seljuk princes.

Photograph by Melville Chater

A DETAIL OF STONE CARVING IN THE SELJUK MADRASSAH (COLLEGE) AT SIVAS

Many of these architectural fragments from the 11th, 12th, and 13th centuries have "at once a Gothic vigor and a lacelike delicacy" (see text, page 523).

porters are shouting for right of way, bazar-keepers are crying praises of their waters, professional "touts" are gabbling recommendations into strangers' ears, and squatting beggars are wailing for alms.

Even the barber's seated subject holds the copper bowl of suds under his own half-shaven chin, so that the razor-wielder's hands may be left free for copious gesticulation during his rapid-fire monologue.

Indeed, next to an American stock exchange, the bazar is the greatest talkfest in the world.

THE HUSBAND DOES THE FAMILY MARKETING

And it is distinctly a man's talkfest. No woman's voice is heard and but few women are to be seen, these few, always in pairs, making their bargains in undertones from behind their black veils and regaining the outer world as soon as possible.

The truth is, the Moslem husband strongly disapproves of his wife or wives frequenting the bazar. Should the lady pine overmuch for bargain sales, she is occasionally permitted to visit the Street of the Dress Goods, accompanied by her mother-in-law.

But the husband makes the household marketing his own particular affair. Meats, vegetables, dried fruits—all his purchases are handed across the counter without a vestige of wrapping-paper. He then buys a big sheet of native bread, of a doughlike pliability, rolls up his purchases therein, and carries them home under his arm.

However, the suppressed wife has her full revenge whenever she goes forth to draw water. An American husband says, "I heard it at the club"; a Turkish husband says, "I heard it in the bazar"; and a Turkish wife says, "I heard it at the public fountain."

Just why old Achmed divorced his young wife, and why Fatiyeh and Sabiha aren't on speaking terms, and who the handsome young Kemalist officer is—this and much more of love affairs, jealousies, and small-town gossip is whisperingly retailed wherever the black-veiled *hanums*

Photograph by Melville Chater

EXTERIOR OF A SELJUK MOSQUE AT SULTAN KHAN, BETWEEN SIVAS AND KAISARIYE

In such examples of Saracenic architecture there are "portals suggestive of stalactite caverns, designs evolved from the forms of beasts, birds, lily-pads, and six-pointed stars, and arabesques so cunning that the eye can scarcely grasp the balanced complexity of the interwoven lines" (see text, page 523).

crowd with their jars around the splashing fountain.

EXCAVATIONS MAY YIELD SECRETS OF THE AMAZONS

Kaisariye's long succession of kings and conquerors extends far back of Seljuks and Romans, into the mists of 2000 B. C., when the Hittites ruled Cappadocia. Lying, as it does, on a direct line between Boghaz Keui and Djerablus, the excavated strongholds of the Hittite empire, Kaisariye's plain, with its towering tumuli, may one day yield further knowledge of that early people whose priestesses were, perhaps, the Amazons of Greek legend, and whose rock-cut inscriptions still baffle the archeologists.

Unfortunately, however, excavation in Anatolia is balked by the Turk's jealous suspicions. Asked for permission to dig for "written stones," he at once suspects the savant of being on the track of some fabulous hoard of buried gold. Hence Kaisariye's tumuli remain untouched. .

Meanwhile the casual foundation-digger occasionally turns up a veritable Hittite clay letter, which he sells to some dealer in the bazar. This enterprising worthy takes a plaster-of-Paris matrix of it and, using the native clay as material, turns out hundreds of fake "Hittite letters" for sale to the European and American tourists who visit the bazars at Aleppo, Damascus, and Constantinople.

One of these clay tablets almost got us into trouble when we were leaving the country. The port officers found it in my baggage and, upon my unwisely describing it as a Hittite letter, informed me that under existing military regulations no written documents could be taken out of Anatolia.

"But it's two thousand years old!" I gasped.

But they were adamant. They said that their instructions merely specified "letters," and that I must see the commandant. The commandant called in the

THESE ARMENIAN REFUGEES WALKED A WEEK TO REACH THE ARMENIAN COMPOUND AT SIVAS

Photographs by Melville Chater

ARMENIAN GIRLS IN THE TURKISH GARB IN WHICH THEY ESCAPED FROM HAREMS

This is the cast of characters in the pantomime enacted at Sivas which the author describes on pages 522 and 523.

Photographs by Melville Chater

THE SELJUK CASTLE AT KAISARIYE

Situated on a low spur of Mt. Argæus, the modern town of Kaisariye is the most important trade center of eastern Asia Minor. When it was the residence of the kings of Cappadocia it was known as Cæsarea Mazaca, and at the time of its destruction by the Persian king Shapur I, in 260 A. D., is said to have boasted a population of 400,000. Kaisariye lies on the ancient trade route from Sinope to the Euphrates, on the Persian "Royal Road" from Sardis to Susa, and on the Roman highway from Ephesus to the East.

censor, who finally satisfied himself that the inscription was not some secret message in modern Greek, whereupon I was discharged with a warning.

HOW ANATOLIA EXORCISES THE DEVILS FROM THE INSANE

I have mentioned the Anatolian's nature-spirits. It was at Kaisariye that I discovered how he exorcises his devils. It was in no less than an ancient Christian church, where, in an incense-laden twilight, Greek peasants knelt under silver lamps and ecclesiastical banners, worshiping before the carved shrine.

In a pitch-black dungeon, 20 feet below the shrine, a woman lay on the stones, manacled hand and foot. And here she would lie, living on bread and water, until her "evil spirit" had relinquished possession of her and fled upon other satanic affairs.

Since medieval times, so the Greek priest assured me, this dungeon had enjoyed a local popularity for the exorcising of the insane. "And," he added quaintly, "no matter how violent the mania, the patient is marvelously calmed after three days of bread and water, manacles, and darkness."

ALI PROVES A FRIEND IN NEED

Upon our arrival at Kaisariye we had been politely requested by the military governor to lodge our travel permits with him. And now, when we called upon this gentleman to pay our farewell respects, we were yet more politely informed by him that a careless clerk had mislaid our precious documents (interlude of calling in Ali, the clerk, and upbraiding him in our presence), and that we must therefore prolong our stay until they could be found.

Photograph by Melville Chater

A TURKISH PIPER OF TALAS

This minstrel plays at wedding feasts and celebrations. In the background rises Mt. Argæus (Erjias Dagh), the highest peak in Asia Minor—13,100 feet.

Issuing from this unsatisfactory interview, we found the said Ali awaiting us under a tree, around the corner. Without seeming to notice our presence, he gravely salaamed to the tree and said:

"I wear the white turban, O venerable poplar; wherefore it would be shameful for me to reveal official secrets to Christians. If I could do so, I would inform my friend, the chauffeur effendi, who often gives me American cigarettes, that the permits are *not* lost, but that military orders have just been issued forbidding foreigners to travel in any part of Anatolia; and hence the permits *seem* to be lost until that order is rescinded, which may be six months from now."

We groaned inwardly. Ali resumed:

"One might, however, send a written appeal to Angora, which would be my counsel to the chauffeur effendi, whose cigarettes are so enjoyable."

And, with a remote recognition of our presence, Ali departed.

We sent a carton of cigarettes to Ali's house and at once sought out a public scribe in the bazar.

Transacting one's affair with a scribe is a good deal like an afternoon tea. We began with glasses of *chi*, ended with glasses of *chi*, and partook at intervals, during a three hours' sitting, of yet more *chi*, responding repeatedly to salaams and polite inquiries as to our health and that of our distinguished families.

Between whiles the scribe sat with a bit of crumpled paper on his knee, phonetically rendering our names into Arabic script and penning a diplomatically framed appeal to Angora.

A PASHA TO THE RESCUE!

A fortnight went by without any response. It was easier, it seemed, to get into Anatolia than to get out again. One day, just when we had reached the depths of despair, Ali waylaid us in the bazar. He said:

"The cigarettes were very good. The car of our famous general, Ali Fouat Pasha, who is en route to the Black Sea, has just broken down here. I have caused the Pasha to be informed that you are the only reliable mechanics in the town. Now, if you should find the Pasha's car quite beyond repair" (and he eyed us fixedly), "you might then offer him your motor-truck, with yourselves as chauffeur and

Drawn by A. H. Bumstead

A SKETCH MAP OF THE NEAR EAST, SHOWING EGYPT, ANATOLIA, AND THE ARAB KINGDOMS OF HEDJAZ, TRANSJORDANIA, AND IRAQ

See text, "At the Tomb of Tutankhamen," "East of Constantinople," and "A Visit to Three Arab Kingdoms" in this number of THE GEOGRAPHIC.

mechanic to the nearest port. And the cigarettes were very good."

We sent Ali a huge smoke baksheesh and awaited the result. Next day the Pasha's car was towed into our garage. That night, under my friend's skillful manipulation, the car met an apparently natural end, the corpse exhibiting no traces of physical violence. This melancholy news was conveyed to the Pasha; whereupon, as ours was the only other car in town, he accepted our proposal.

Permissionless, but not unprotected, we set out for the seaboard. All permit-examining sentries were disposed of by the Pasha, who roared his august name at them as we sped past.

Three days later we were out of the Kemalist country and were steaming Europeward across the Black Sea.

A VISIT TO THREE ARAB KINGDOMS

Transjordania, Iraq, and the Hedjaz Present Many Problems to European Powers

By Junius B. Wood

Author of "Yap and Other Pacific Islands under Japanese Mandate" and "The Far Eastern Republic," in the National Geographic Magazine

TRANSJORDANIA is a new country—a mere fleck of desert and trouble on the world map. It is so new that few persons more than 500 miles from its borders know where or what the kingdom is. The Versailles pastry-makers, like many cooks, had some dough left over after the world molds were filled, and this was one of the odd cookies.

Theoretically, it is an independent Arab kingdom. Actually, it belongs in Britain's pantry. The Arabs can call it theirs, but they must not nibble it or permit any other nation to do so. It has been rechristened both Transjordania and Kerak, the former to give Western ears an inkling of its location, and the latter to soothe Mohammedan tastes.

When the leaders of the powers which rule the world sit in council it seems quite easy to create new kingdoms. Take a river, a mountain range, a few pencil lines and different shades of ink on the map, and the task is accomplished—so far as the statesmen are concerned. New maps are printed and school children are studying them before the people in the country itself realize what has happened.

Transjordania was among the easiest. It served a purpose. Lying just east of the Jordan River, only a few miles from Jerusalem, it is a buffer between the British mandate in Palestine and the Arabs of the desert, and at the same time an irritant to the French mandate in Syria. It was molded with the confidence of enduring for ages (see map, page 534).

AMMAN, THE CAPITAL, WAS CHIEF CITY OF LOT'S DESCENDANTS

Amman is the capital of the new kingdom. That name alone might suggest that more than a new shade of ink on the maps and the discussions of distant statesmen are necessary to give a kingdom permanency. It has been a capital for ages.

The Ammonites, descendants of Lot, called it Rabbath Ammon when they ruled there. The creek which divides the village keeps its old name, Nahr Amman. Og's giant iron bed was a trophy in Rabbath Ammon.

Centuries later this city was the capital of one of the Greek republics of Decapolis; Ptolemy Philadelphus built an acropolis and renamed the place Philadelphia. The Romans and Crusaders came and it was one of their capitals. Others followed, until now it has new rulers.

REMINDERS OF GREEK GLORY EVERYWHERE

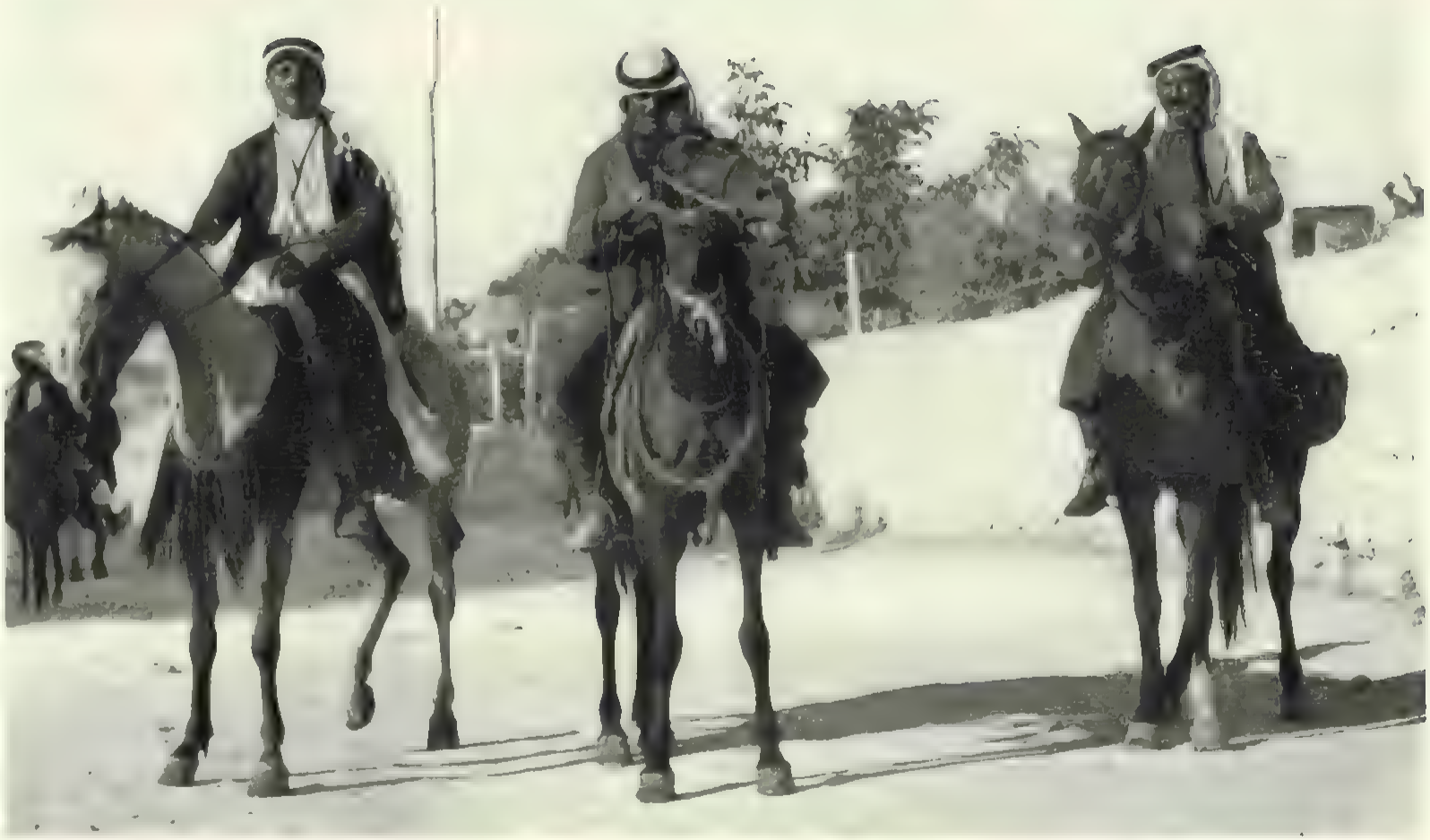
Amman resembles Bisbee, Arizona, with its two main streets of Tombstone Canyon and Brewery Gulch—a creek in the valley with houses, shops, and footpaths struggling back up the hillsides.

Each evening during my short stay there, some neighbor would climb one of these steep paths to my host's home, sip a cup of coffee, and suggest a game of chess. Chess is the same the world over—when the game starts, conversation ceases. I could slip out for a stroll without being missed.

The main street winds around the base of the big hill which once was crowned by the massive Greek citadel, now a pile of ruined walls, fallen columns, and broken façades. In the center of the town, near the mosque, itself a ruin of the past, is the proscenium and arch of the later Roman theater.

Farther along, the road curves across the stone bridge, passes in front of the broken stone benches of the old Roman amphitheater, and disappears into the solitude of the desert.

The coping of the little bridge has been polished by the thousands who have loitered there since toiling backs first



Photograph by Junius B. Wood

ARABS OF THE DESERT IN THEIR CITY COSTUMES

Bedouins in the Arab kingdoms wear what is probably one of the oldest forms of headgear. It consists of a large square of cloth, called the *kaffeyeh*, which is doubled cornerwise, laid on the head, and held in place by a thick double coil made of wool or goats' hair. The variation in this coil indicates the particular region from which the wearer comes.

Photograph by Junius B. Wood

THE GREAT ROMAN AMPHITHEATER AT AMMAN

"Goats are now herded in the galleries through which the gay crowds passed during the time of Roman occupation. In the moonlight it stands out white and gaunt, concealing the scars of time." Not far from the city there is a wall about six feet in height and 150 yards in length, said to have been built by Timur the Lame (Tamerlane) from the bones of slaughtered prisoners when he plundered the city, in 1402.

Photograph by Alexander Stewart

WHEN THE GAME OF CHECKERS BEGINS, CONVERSATION CEASES

Chinese, English, Poles, Spaniards, Italians, and Turks all play chess and checkers, each nationality after its own fashion. The Egyptians of 1600 B. C. and the natives of the interior of New Zealand played games similar in their main points to our modern pastimes. The Arabs assert that they invented chess.

lifted the heavy stones into place. Under the moonlight the amphitheater stands out white and gaunt, concealing the scars of time. Croaking frogs and barks of distant dogs are the only sounds. A belated Bedouin gallops across the bridge, fading into a lengthening shadow in the distance.

GOATS NOW HERDED WHERE GAY AUDIENCES ONCE GATHERED

Goats now are herded in the galleries through which the gay crowds passed to watch the sports of Roman days. In front of the Arab coffee-shops marble columns from the Greek acropolis lie in the road for benches, on which dusty Bedouins sit to smoke and gossip.

The empires of the past which chose Amman as a capital built well, but they and their rulers have gone and been forgotten. The mighty powers which ruled it are a memory, but its life goes on just the same. Now it is chosen again, the kingdom has been baptized with a new name, and the maps reprinted as if it all were new.

Through all the cycles of time, the Arab has changed least of all. Those of the town play their chess in the evening, as they have in quiet homes for hundreds of years. The Arabs claim they invented chess.

The Bedouin rides in from the desert, smokes his nargileh, drinks the cups of bitter coffee, and gallops out again into the void. As the seasons change, he folds his tents and moves with his herds of goats and camels. So long as the statesmen of Europe want to pay him for their pleasure in calling this or that portion of the desert a kingdom, it matters little to him. He knows nothing of maps and cares less. Should they attempt to make *him* pay, it would be different. Kingdom-making would not be so easy.

THE EMIR'S COURT IS A CLUSTER OF TENTS

Emir Abdullah Ibn Hussein is the nominal ruler of Transjordania. His court is the same as that of his forefathers—a cluster of tents in the desert, which he moves with the seasons.

By automobile it is only five hours from Jerusalem to Amman, but it is a change from the West to the East, and there are not many travelers on the road. Visitors are not generally welcomed in Transjordania. It is the threshold of Arabia, and once across its borders the law and authority of Europe are of the flimsiest.

THE JORDAN BRIDGE IS GUARDED

An automobile can coast almost the entire distance from Jerusalem, along the steep hillsides, down into the valley of the Jordan. There is a glimpse of the Dead Sea on the right, and the road turns straight across the plains toward Jericho.

As one rides through that simmering, breathless valley, 1,200 feet below the level of the sea, the heroism of Joshua when he commanded the sun to stand still is impressed with stifling force. The farther end of the iron bridge across the Jordan is barricaded and a guard of soldiers stops the car. Unless word has been telephoned from the tented capital outside of Amman that a visitor in European clothes is to be permitted to pass, the car goes no farther.

While my companion was exchanging the inevitable cigarettes with the Arab officer in command of the guard, I started to take a picture of the international boundary. Their language was not understood by me, but the soldiers made it quite clear that the making of photographs was not allowed. The captain intervened.

"As long as you are not French, you can take photographs of anything you want," he explained, bringing the guard to attention as the first piece of scenery.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN POLICEMAN

From the river the road climbs out of the broiling valley to the higher fertile plain. In winter Abdullah moves his tents and royal court here, near the Jordan, though he seldom crosses into the British mandate. To hold his people, he must play the rôle of the desert Arab.

Caravans of camels, sniffing in alarm at the automobile, jogged along the road. One train stampeded wildly, the drivers hilariously hanging on to the running-board of the machine during a frantic pursuit around curves and over dry creek beds to overtake the terrified leader.

Photograph by Junius B. Wood

AN ARABIAN WOMAN BAKING BREAD

The first operation is to build a fire in a small pit. After the embers are raked away, the pancake-like dough is plastered on the sides of the hot pit. When the bread is done it is picked off with a pair of tongs.

Every man carries a long black-barreled rifle sticking up back of his ears—camel-drivers, peasants working in the little fields, and even the boys watching the herds of goats on the hills. Transjordania is of the desert, where everybody is his own policeman.

Workmen are leisurely clearing away the rubbish from the Roman amphitheater. Abdullah does not hope to restore it as in the days when shouting multitudes watched the games on the banks of the little creek, but the dirt and rubbish which now cover its battered artistic beauty will be removed.

Similar excavations will be made in the even larger ruins of Meshetta, a few miles from Amman. Other workmen are widening the streets and building roads in the country.

Amman is a station on the Hedjaz Railroad, much used between Damascus and the south. However, the country has few funds for internal improvements, and the eternal conflict with the desert is hopeless. Its area is only 16,000 square miles, with a population of 400,000, exclusive of nomads.

The annual budget amounts to $1,040,000, against a revenue of $500,000. Great Britain makes up the difference,

Photograph by Junius B. Wood

ES-SALT IS PERCHED ON THE STEEP HILLS OF GILEAD

An elevation of several thousand feet above the sea is sufficient to render this part of the Holy Land cool in comparison with the insufferably hot and parched Jordan Valley. Raisins are grown and excellent wine made in this district. This is the region famous in Biblical times for its balm.

one of the many donations toward maintaining an Arab policy.

A HAVEN FOR FUGITIVES AND EXILES

Transjordania is a haven for the exiles and fugitives from all the near-by territory. Under cover of night, they slip away from Damascus and other cities in the French mandate, cross the desert with the assistance of friendly tribes, until the long camel journey brings them into Transjordania.

Amman and the larger city of Es-Salt are full of men who have cheated the already-overcrowded French prisons. Few of them have abundant funds; all must be provided for. They are part of the brotherhood; poets, merchants, editors, army officers, students, lawyers, and men and women from every walk of life make up the number.

Some secure passports and continue into Palestine and Egypt; others are given government appointments and remain in the desert kingdom, all awaiting a time when they can return to their own country and harboring an undying bitterness against the neighbor on the north. Salaries of officials are the big expense of Transjordania.

This is a fertile country and Abdullah, himself a strange mixture of desert and city, may make it prosper.

"We do not want this kingdom to be called Transjordania, for we consider it, with Palestine, Mesopotamia, and the Hedjaz, merely a part of the greater Syria," he said one day, as we sat in his tent, a picturesque figure in desert regalia. "We Arabs have lost our palaces and cities and are living in tents, as our fathers did. The Arabs have always been free and we will continue free, awaiting the time when we can take back the country which is ours. This portion of Syria has never failed in its duty to the Arab cause, and when opportunity comes we will be ready to do our part."

THE FLAG OF A "UNITED SYRIA"

The flag of many colors, which flies in the Arab kingdoms, but is seldom unfurled in the mandated territories, is a symbol of this unity of creeds in the new nationalism. It is called the flag of a united Syria.

Three broad stripes—black, white, and green—represent the respective caliphs of the Abbaside, Ommiad, and Fatimite dynasties. A triangular red pennant, its base along the staff, signifies the Hachimite dynasty, from which the kings of the Hedjaz are descended.

On the triangle is a white seven-pointed star, the points signifying Aleppo, Damascus, Beirut, Lebanon, Deir ez Zôr, Palestine, and Transjordania. The same flag, with slight variation of the stars, flies in Transjordania (Kerak), Hedjaz, and Mesopotamia.

HUSSEIN OF THE HEDJAZ IS THE FATHER OF KINGS

The three countries are ruled by the Sherifian Arabs, backed by Great Britain. Hussein Ibn Ali, the aged king of the Hedjaz, a direct descendant of Hassan, eldest son of Fatima, favorite daughter of Mohammed, is the sherif or guardian of Mecca and Medina, the most holy cities of the Arab world.

Mohammed made his first prophecies in Mecca. The black meteor which he made sacred rests there, in the Kaaba whose foundations, tradition says, were laid by Abraham. Medina offered a haven after his hegira in 622 A. D., and from there he saw the militant religion sweep Arabia before his death, ten years later. From his day Mecca has been the goal of Mohammedan pilgrims crossing the desert by foot or caravan for hundreds of years. Now they come by railroad and shipload.

Feisal, the third son of King Hussein and picturesque leader of the Arab forces with the Allies during the war, was appointed king of Mesopotamia, or Iraq, after the French army ousted him as ruler of Syria. Abdullah, prince of Transjordania, is the second son.

Both have common ties of race and religion with their subjects, but both are to a large extent strangers in a strange land. Feisal shows a religious tolerance which is unusual for these countries of many beliefs. Refugees and exiles who have come from the north, from the cities of Syria and Palestine, just as the two rulers have come from the south, are their advisers.

When the Turks, with their loosely organized government, exercised suzerainty over these lands, the Arabs schemed

Photograph by Eric Keast Burke

A TINSMITH'S STALL IN A MESOPOTAMIAN BAZAR

Queer-looking braziers, tongs, and other articles of local manufacture are displayed side by side with American locks and hardware. The plate above the shop indicates the house and street numbers. Every house and winding alley in all towns of importance has now been identified thus.

Photograph from Captain C. M. Canning

PONTOON BRIDGE ACROSS THE TIGRIS AT MOSUL

This boat-bridge has taken the place of an old, dilapidated, and unsafe causeway. The stone portion of the bridge is of Turkish or Arab construction. The pontoon portion takes care of the abnormal fluctuation in the water level.

against them, though not with the same enthusiasm which they now show against their more tolerant European rulers.

Few Arab tribes recognized the Sultan of Turkey as the Caliph, or supreme ruler of the Mohammedan Church. From a religious viewpoint, King Hussein, in the Hedjaz, Sherif of Mecca, the goal of millions of devout Moslem pilgrims for ages, might logically hold that high office.

However, temporal power also seems necessary, and even with the assistance of his two sons, both of whom depend on British support to maintain their positions in their own countries, King Hussein does not have the necessary fighting strength.

King Hussein's standing in the Mohammedan religious world was one reason why the diplomats of Downing Street picked the rulers for the richest lands of Arabia from the one family.

LIFE IN A HOTEL ON THE EUPHRATES

Nobody can appreciate a hotel until he has had experience with those of Mesopotamian villages along the Euphrates.

The traveler arrives permeated with dust, from the tips of his ears to the last seam of his underclothes. The hotel is a compound, a rectangular one-story building with a flat roof, surrounding a courtyard. Everything, except mosquitoes and flies, enters through one gate.

A boy brings a tall urn-shaped Arab pitcher or a pail of water, the stranger gets out his towel and cake of soap, and, with the boy pouring water over hands and head, recalls distant memories of "every room with a bath."

Soon the villagers arrive, some to look and ask questions, others to sell flat pancake-shaped bread, milk, or live chickens and kicking sheep.

Meals are strictly buffet-luncheon style. Knives and forks and such accessories of the West are dispensed with because there are none. The Arab believes that God gave him his hands, and that it would be sacrilege not to use them when eating. A roast sheep is picked to the bones.

Before dark the courtyard is filled with braying mules and creaking carts. More fastidious travelers sleep on the bare, flat roof, spreading out their blankets as soon

MOVING ENTAILS FEW HARDSHIPS FOR A MESOPOTAMIAN FAMILY

Photographs by Junius B. Wood

TAKING HOME HER SEWING-MACHINE FROM A BAGDAD BAZAR

The Arab woman dyes her nails, lips, and eyelashes, tattoos her limbs, wears a ring in her nose, and anklets that jangle beneath her silken bloomers; but when she appears on the street the details of her adornment are left to the imagination.

THE BUSY ALLENBY BRIDGE ACROSS THE TIGRIS AT BAGDAD

Photographs by Junius B. Wood

A GUFAH-LOAD OF MESOPOTAMIAN WATERMELONS

This type of cauldron-shaped boat is peculiar to the Tigris and Euphrates. It is made of reeds, with wooden uprights, and is usually plastered over with pitch from the springs in the vicinity of Hit (see text, page 550).

Photograph by J. F. Slack

BOYS FROM BAGDAD

as the sun drops. After dark the breeze becomes chilly and increases to a gale.

At one of these hotels the proprietor was both deaf and blind, with a patriarchal beard and a voice fitted either for calling trains or grand opera. It was late when we stretched out on the hard roof with the venerable host, led by a small boy, still shouting directions to the muleteers as they parked their carts.

Before daylight, around 3 a. m., his voice was ringing out again. Standing on a bale of sheep hides in the middle of the courtyard, he was calling each of the carters by name. The steady repetition of "Hassan" or "Ali" would not cease until an answering shout came from some distant corner and a nudge by the boy assured him that his vocal alarm-clock had served its purpose.

There were many namesakes of church immortals to awaken. Nobody except a muleteer could have slept through the shouting. We made an unusually early start.

During the afternoons the men of Deir ez Zôr sit in the shade, below the coffee-house, on the banks of the Euphrates, and watch a steady stream of women, heavy pigskins full of water strapped to their heads, clambering up its steep embankment and disappearing down the narrow, dusty streets of the town.

An island is in midstream, covered with walled gardens and surrounded by irrigation pumps—an endless line of buckets on an immense wooden cog-wheel and a blindfolded ox or mule walking in a little circle, just as in Egypt. On the other side of the island is a rickety pontoon bridge. Beyond that the desert starts.

MOSUL, CENTER OF MESOPOTAMIAN OIL FIELDS

Clouds of dust like smoke from a burning sugar plantation, falling or rising with the winds until they obscure, but never cool, the bright sun, cover the desert. One day by automobile through nature's sand-blast, and the Tigris at Mosul, the center of the Mesopotamia and southern Kurdistan oil fields, is reached.

Four or five hours more to Kalaat Shergat and a bi-weekly train to Bagdad. Maps show the Berlin-Bagdad Railroad as a continuous curving red or black line, but any one who tries to follow it will find days of hardship and danger traveling between the gaps in the actual road—gaps which, now that the country

Photograph by Junius B. Wood

A BAGDAD COFFEE-SHOP ON THE SHADY SIDE OF THE STREET

Since the World War Bagdad has again become a hive of humanity. Street-lamps have given place to electric lights, mosques have been repaired, roads built, schools opened, and the water supply extended.

has been divided among Britain, France, Turkey, Arabs, and Kurds, may never be closed.

Mosul is one of the surface-markers on that underground stratum of oil which stretches from the Caspian Sea to the Persian Gulf. For many years it has been exploited in a fashion by the natives.

NEITHER KURDS NOR TURKS CONSULTED

The statesmen, busy with their academic mapmaking, penciled the northern boundaries of Mesopotamia to include the Mosul oil fields.

Naturally, the Turks were not consulted about the new boundary of Mesopotamia, and said so at Lausanne. That was years later, but little had been done to make the map permanent. The Turks contend that the Mosul fields do not belong in either Syria or Mesopotamia.

Least of all were the Kurds consulted. Ethnographic maps show that the region of the oil fields, except for a scattering of Chaldæans around Mosul city, is solidly settled by Kurds. It is their country, and though the Kurds do not appear at the monthly conferences in European health resorts, where the maps are made, they are always on the spot and ready to fight for their country when an invasion starts.

In the past the Turks held only the loosest control over these fierce fighters. When the new rulers came to take possession of what was theirs on the map, the Kurds fought back.

Desultory fighting has been going on since 1920. Nominally, the fields are in Mesopotamia. The Mesopotamians are not much interested in oil and less interested in fighting with the Kurds. All of the fighting on their side, ostensibly for the integrity of this new Mesopotamia, has been by the British air force.

DESERT TRIBES COLLECT HEAD TAX FROM TRAVELERS

The desert tribes between Deir ez Zôr and Mosul are neither hostile nor friendly. They do not murder or rob

Photograph by John Clark Archer

IRRIGATING A GARDEN NEAR BAGDAD

The Mesopotamian *cherad* is one of the most primitive irrigation plants imaginable. Many of the agricultural processes and implements employed in Iraq have been in use for countless generations, but agricultural experiments made by the British within recent years prove that remunerative returns are to be had from the grain-producing areas of the country.

travelers, but merely levy a head tax of $5. French authorities say they have no right to do it. However, three separate sheiks collect this local octroi, or likin, for passing across their stretch of desert. The traveler finds it more expeditious to pay and keep moving than to wait and argue his rights.

Another route to Bagdad roughly follows the west bank of the Euphrates. Between Deir ez Zôr and Abulkemal are the ruins of Salahiya.

Compared with the gigantic remains of Babylon, Nineveh, Palmyra, Ctesiphon, and others scattered through this same valley of the two rivers, these ruins are small and insignificant, but wind and war recently uncovered one of the interior courts here, and on the walls the heroic-sized figures, Egyptian in features, still are visible. According to form, they should be "as fresh as if painted yesterday"; but the colors—reds, yellows, and blues—are flaked and faded, though they have been buried for years.

For eight miles beyond Abulkemal, "No Man's Land" stretches without a settled boundary between British Mesopotamia and French Syria. It is peopled, according to wild rumors, with bandit Bedouins who rob unwary travelers and hold them for ransom or slavery.

The three Turkish ladies crowded into the rear seat of the little automobile insisted that I change my comfortable Arab headgear for a ponderous pith helmet, believed to be more impressive against nomads. It was a daily performance to silence their squeals whenever an eddy of dust was mistaken for an approaching horseman.

THROUGH MANY BEDOUIN CAMPS

At the many Bedouin camps which we ran into, thrifty children brought goat's milk or water, the men peacefully inspected the strange machines, and the women, necklaces and earrings of gold coins and filigreed gold rosettes screwed into the sides of their small, straight

Photograph by Junius B. Wood

ONE OF THE GROANING AUTOMATIC IRRIGATION WHEELS OF THE EUPHRATES

Near Hit these water-wheels stand in openings between stone piers 35 feet high and receive the full force of the current. As the wheel revolves, the earthen vessels, bound to the rim, spill the water into the conduits, whence it is carried to the gardens.

noses, silently marveled at two diamond settings sparkling in the eye-teeth of their city sister on the rear seat.

The first outpost of Mesopotamia is in a ruined farmhouse. We climbed the hill for coffee and cigarettes in the captain's quarters, leaving the women, who had resumed their veils, to broil in the sun.

The snappy captain, commanding a soldierly but mixed assortment of Arabs, Kurds, and Negroes, cheerfully informed us that a few weeks earlier a hostile band had exterminated the entire outpost. It has no connection — telephone, radio, helio, or otherwise—with any other post, and in case of trouble must do the best it can for itself.

A few miles farther on, a sheik, another one subsidized by the British to be friendly, has his camp. Which side he would assist, if either, depends on the prevailing political winds.

Ana has an exceedingly energetic and ornate officer in command. When all the automobiles were parked in front of the mud wall of his compound, he lined up his gendarmerie at attention and announced that everybody would wait right there until the following morning, when the passports could be inspected.

A howl followed in several languages. He could not understand, but when the protest was translated into Arabic he immediately started us for the hotel, promising to send the passports that evening.

THE EUPHRATES CLUTTERED WITH THE SCATTERED WASTE OF WAR

The hotel was an abandoned stable, worse than usual. In front of it the swift Euphrates offered a cooling swim. Half buried in the mud banks were unexploded shells, fragments of rolling kitchens, cart wheels, and all the scattered waste of war's wake.

Hadesa is four hours' scorching from Ana. It had a novelty—a young German, his blonde Berlin skin peeled by the sun, and wearing a single mantle which the Arabs had given him. He told a lurid story of how he had been captured by the French, impressed into the Foreign Legion, and escaped. He insisted that if he were sent back across the border he would either be shot or deported to Algeria for life.

Photograph by Junius B. Wood

THE SHEEP MARKET OF OLD BASRA

The oldest part of Basra lies farther to the west than the thriving waterfront of to-day, whence are exported our finest dates.

By midafternoon, after crossing dozens of salt creeks of deceptive clearness from the mountains, the towers of Hit, said to have been built by the Hittites, could be seen across the plains. Springs of pitch bubble up around Hit and the roads are natural asphalt.

A dozen miles farther on is Ramadi, with the first British officer and telegraph post north of Bagdad.

From Ramadi to Bagdad is half a day's ride. The Euphrates is crossed on a pontoon-bridge at Feludja. Women are waiting on the other side with immense dripping baskets of white grapes, from which you can eat your fill for five cents. After that it is a level speedway of 60 miles, the gold minarets of Kadhimein (Kazemain) soaring like beacons, to the Tigris and the fabled city of old.

WAITING FOR MORE WARS

Little of romance remains in Bagdad from those days of Haroun al Raschid. It is easy to understand why he called them Arabian Nights, for in the daytime in summer the mercury quivers around 125 in the shade—romance, even life, is in a perspiring stupor.

War devastated the valley of the Euphrates. Since then it has recovered little, nor apparently made much effort. It seems to be a country waiting for other devastations and wars to come. The Arab senses this and the seasoned British officers or observers in the country realize it.

Many miles of once cultivated fields are deserted. The wheels of the crude irrigation systems are broken and silent. Near the villages the automatic water-wheels—earthen jugs fastened to big paddles of brush which are raised by the current—groan and sigh by day and night, like animals in misery.

Few other signs of life disturb the calm. Occasional small towns, long stretches of abandoned fields between, and the empty desert on both sides—such is Mesopotamia. Modern irrigation would cost many millions, and there are not enough people to cultivate it when once the dry land is made fertile.

The 4,500,000 Arabs who called Mesopotamia home have not left the country. Those of the cities and villages still are in their homes. Those of the country, where life is less secure, have slipped away from the settled occupation of fields

Photograph by Mrs. Frederick Simpich

A MULE CARAVAN CROSSING THE DESERT TOWARD KERBELA

It is estimated that 200,000 pilgrims, with their women in hampers on the backs of mules, journey annually to Kerbela, with its shrine of the martyred Hussein, son of Ali, the fourth caliph. Many Shiite Mohammedans bring the bones of their relatives to be buried in the sacred soil of this town, 60 miles southwest of Bagdad.

and husbandry and live by their herds of camels and sheep, less inviting to war's ravages.

With the country safe, freed of its apprehensions, the banks of the rivers would be cultivated anew, again luring the nomad, inclined to trouble and disorder, to the quiet life of the farm.

BRITAIN SPENDING MILLIONS IN MESOPOTAMIA

British rule in Mesopotamia cost the Empire $50,000,000 in 1921 and $40,000,000 in 1922. The country produces dates and licorice root as exports to the outside world.

The oil fields in the north, around Mosul, cannot be worked unless peace prevails. In the south, at Ali Gherbi, between Bagdad and Basra, and at Abadan, on the Shatt el Arab, at the tip of the Persian Gulf, are the Anglo-Persian Oil Company's outlets from the rich fields just across the border in Persia. They are safeguarded by more subsidized sheiks.

From a military standpoint, Mesopotamia, with the Berlin-Bagdad Railroad in the discard, may furnish an air route to India. It is most important to Great Britain that this gateway to India and Persia shall not fall into the control of any other European power. Oil, however, is the only immediate return which Mesopotamia offers for the expense.

Feisal, its king, is between two millstones, much in the same predicament as a reputable citizen of Texas might be if appointed governor of New York. He is an Arab and a Moslem, but of the Hedjaz, not of Mesopotamia. To save himself with the people for whom he is king, he must lead their demands for independence. To save himself with the British, to whom he owes the throne, he must accede to their demands in the end.

THE ARGUMENTS OF THE BRITONS WHO WOULD RETIRE

If Mesopotamia again threatens to flame into revolution, as in July, 1920, Great Britain may gracefully retire. That

Photograph by John Clark Archer

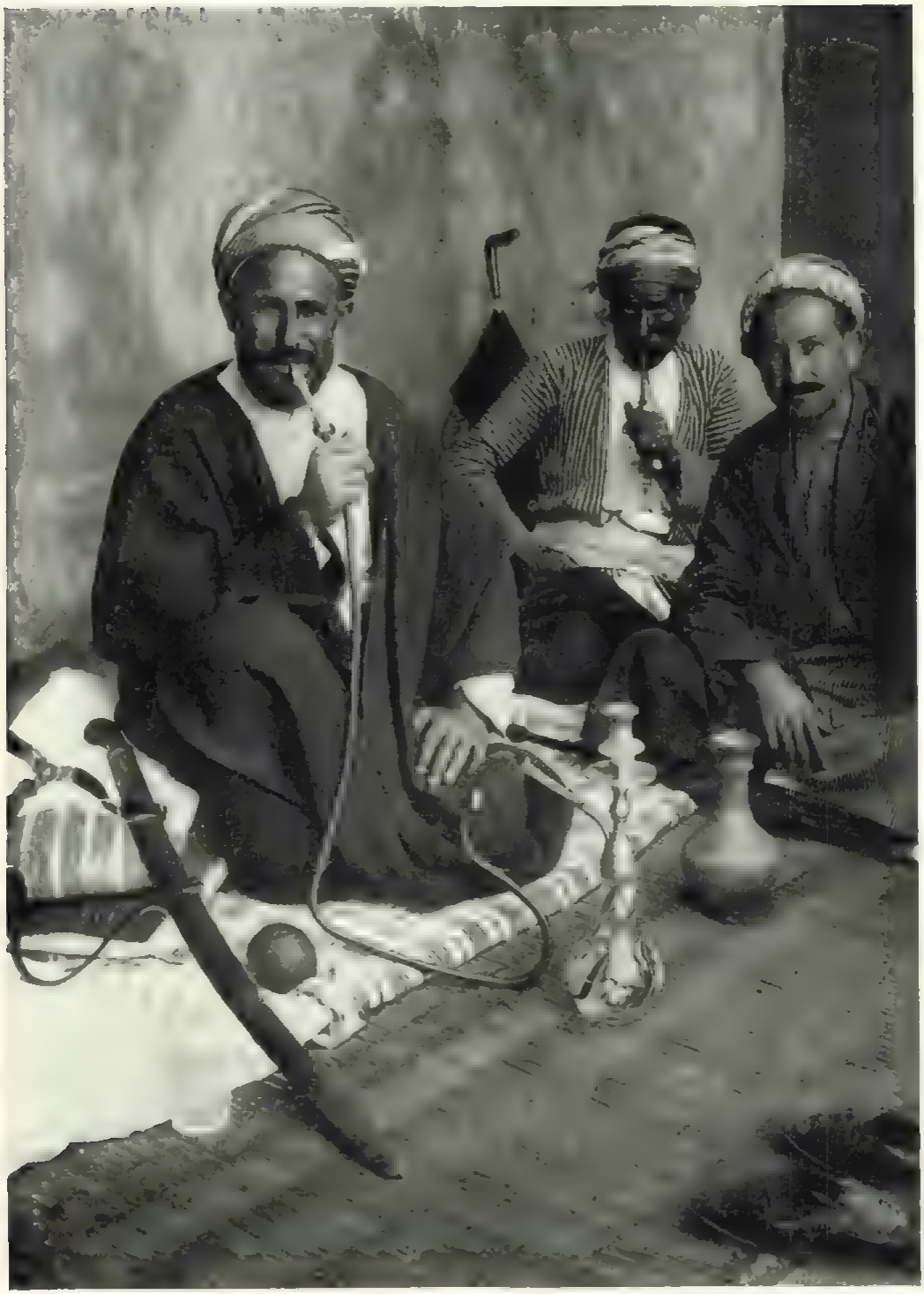
A GROUP OF THE FAMOUS SABEAN SILVERSMITHS OF AMARA

Amara is the headquarters of the interesting sect known as the Sabeans, or star worshipers, whose religious ideas probably have a Babylonian origin. Zahrun, the most skillful engraver of this group, a real artist, sits third from the left.

Photograph by John Clark Archer

ARABS OF ZUBÉIR, A TOWN TEN MILES WEST OF BASRA

Since the World War a huge embankment 20 miles long has been constructed not far from Basra to protect an area which formerly was a malodorous swamp, but is now a verdant garden. This embankment safeguards the date gardens and benefits landowners whose farms were often inundated by floods.



Photograph by American Colony

THE NEAR EAST'S PIPE OF CONTENTMENT—THE NARGILEH

When guests arrive in a Mohammedan home in Jerusalem rugs and mats are hastily spread on the floor and mattresses placed around the wall and piled with cushions for their comfort. The Wahabis of the Nejd desert regions of Arabia abstain religiously from the use of tobacco (see text, page 557).

Photograph by Junius B. Wood

A JEWISH MATRON IN THE DISTINCTIVE SPOTTED ABAA AND HORSEHAIR MASK

In the left background an unveiled Christian Arab woman may be seen.

revolution of eight months was never suppressed; rather suspended in a truce to discuss the mandate. Mesopotamia would have nothing of a mandate and London acquiesced.

Long months of negotiation over a treaty followed. The treaty may be satisfactory as long as the subsidies continue. However, there are many sheiks to satisfy, each practically independent, and rule by subsidies is expensive.

Mesopotamia is expensive in peace times, and it is doubtful whether Great Britain would spend more gold and lives to fight for the dividends of an oil company, even when the government is a stockholder. Great Britain knows that it she, with whom the Arabs are more friendly than with any other European power, cannot hold Mesopotamia without a fight, any other nation must fight even harder to seize it.

To withdraw from the country, leaving the Arabs in control, would, in the opinion of many British officials, be a far-sighted policy. The friendly feeling would be increased instead of broken, the hoped-for air route and the oil refineries on the Shatt el Arab could be protected, and the country would be safe from intruders. It would help the British position in Palestine, and France might be obliged to take a similar step in Syria.

THE MENACING SHADOW OF THE WAHABIS

The dangerous factors of Arabia, more ominous than veiled intrigues of European powers, are the Wahabis. Through the centuries, they rise and fall. Under their shrewd young sheik, Adb el-Aziz es-Saud, they again are casting threatening shadows across the borders of the British protected kingdoms.

The Wahabis are the oft-pictured zealots of the faith who invite death in order more quickly to enter Paradise, so fanatically religious that they include all other Moslems not of their particular sect among the unbelievers unworthy of life.

The desert land of Nejd, in the center of Arabia, with its capital at Riad, some 400 miles across the burning sands from

Photograph by Katherine W. Stewart

SHEPHERDS IN THE MARKET SQUARE OF BETHLEHEM

This village of Judea is much the same to-day as it was that night, more than nineteen hundred years ago, when the shepherds, keeping watch over their flock in the near by fields, heard the good tidings of great joy—the birth of a Savior in the city of David.

Ojair, on the Persian Gulf, its only port, is the home of the Wahabis (see map, page 534).

Few foreigners, or even Arabs who are not of the sect, have seen that capital. There Es-Saud, a man in the early 30's, rules like a despot, though his aged father still is alive. In turn he is dominated by the fanaticism which gives the tribe its strength. His inclination to play the modern game of world politics is limited by the bitter prejudices of his followers.

An alliance with Es-Saud can make him only less of a menace, for his assistance is entirely negative. Except for the Hedjaz, Yemen, and a few other provinces along the coast, he controls all of the Arabian Peninsula.

AN AUSTERE SECT, FLUSHED WITH VICTORY

The Wahabi sect came into existence in the 15th century. By the 19th century it was sufficiently strong to threaten the Turkish Empire, and, under orders of the Sultan, the powerful Mohammed Ali of Egypt placed his son at the head of an expedition which defeated them and sent the leaders to Constantinople to be executed. Its latest rise is one of the post-war developments.

Since Es-Saud defeated his ancient rival, Abdullah Ibn Mitah, and practically exterminated his army in 1921, the Wahabis have been flushed with victory. Yemen, on the south, is strong, and their forays have been directed against the Sherifian kingdoms on the other three sides.

The Wahabis follow the true teachings of Mohammed—to shun alcohol, adultery, lying, forgery, and fraud. In addition, they believe that a spendthrift is abhorred by God, which causes them to despise rich decorations in the mosques—priceless rugs, gold, silver, and jewels—and to prohibit smoking, the recreation of every Arab.

They believe that graves should be plain, and that women should not attend funerals because they weep, forbid the wearing of jewelry, and enforce other Puritanical customs. Those who do not do likewise deserve death.

Contrary to the orthodox Mohammedan sects, which contend that no teachers have arisen in the last 1,000 years capable of interpreting the Koran, the Wahabis hold that each believer may interpret it according to his conscience and take the consequences. This liberalism, however, does not go to the extent of permitting any interpretations contrary to their dogmas.

WAHABI LEADER GETS A SUBSIDY OF $400,000 A YEAR

When the powers of Europe were selecting the rulers for Arabia, Es-Saud had not crushed Ibn Mitah. The two were counterirritants. Both fell into the category of those who might be controlled by an annual subsidy.

Countless rulers, from tribal sheiks upward in rank, are receiving such subsidies, either from Great Britain or France or adroitly from both. Es-Saud probably receives the largest salary, $25,000 a month, with an additional New Year's present of $100,000. He explains to his followers that this is a tribute from the infidels.

The explanation was sufficient as long as Ibn Mitah was a factor in the day's fighting. With him disposed of, other objectives were necessary for the sanguinary enthusiasm of the Wahabis.

The kingdoms of the long-standing enemies, the Sherifians, became logical points for attack. The first drive was into the Hedjaz, admittedly to despoil the rich mosques of Mecca and Medina and to reduce them to Wahabi simplicity.

The soldiers of the Hedjaz were no match against the fighting fiends, and King Hussein discreetly retired to Jidda, where a ship was waiting.

British troops and airplanes were landed. Bombing planes flew to the front, carefully encircling Mecca, so as to maintain the fiction that no unbeliever has polluted the atmosphere of the sacred city, and repelled that foray.

Drives across the borders of Iraq and Transjordania followed at intervals.

In the meantime a high British army officer, honestly esteemed as a friend by Es-Saud, is making trips from Bagdad into the desert, endeavoring to restrain the Wahabi raids. However, Es-Saud, to be a leader, must ride the crest of his people's enthusiasm. That enthusiasm also sounds a sympathetic chord among Arabs of other creeds, looking upon the Wahabis

Photograph by Junius B. Wood

AT THE WELL IN HAIFA

This little town of Palestine lies at the foot of the northern side of Mount Carmel, where the prophet Elijah called down the fire of the Lord to consume his burnt offering.

as a possible means of giving them independence and freedom. Es-Saud draws his $400,000 a year subsidy, while his followers add several times that amount to Great Britain's expenses for protecting its protégés from him.

Dr. Harrison, an American Dutch Reformed Church missionary on Bahrein Island, 40 miles northeast of Ojair, has been escorted to Riad on several occasions when epidemics were threatening the capital. To the inhabitants, even to the sick whom he saved, he was an infidel who deserved death, but the word of Es-Saud protected him. In response to the last call, a British army officer was sent instead of Dr. Harrison.

YOUNG RULER CHANGES WIVES EVERY THREE MONTHS

The most striking feature of Es-Saud's plain palace is a white-tiled reception hall, where he sits under a kerosene lamp of great size blinding the eyes of all who face him. Phonographs, like nargilehs, are forbidden in the Nejd. In contrast

Photograph by Junius B. Wood

A PORTION OF THE OLD ROMAN SIPHON AQUEDUCT BETWEEN HAIFA AND ACRE: PALESTINE

Haifa has the best natural harbor in Palestine. During the World War the British constructed a railway connecting it with Kantara on the Suez Canal.

to this are the thousands of wrist-watches worn by the soldiers.

The young ruler never has more than four wives at once, changing all except the eldest wife every three months. The latter died last year, sincerely mourned by her much-married spouse. Recently two Armenian girls were in the entourage, quite content with their future of later joining the harem of some favorite officer.

Tobacco is smuggled into the country, where the mortal danger of using it adds to the pleasure. The backslider puffs his cigarette alone in a closed basement. A fire of brush and damp palms is then made to stifle the telltale fumes in smudge.

One day two of the desert Wahabis rode into Ojair, shunned as unclean by most of the tribe because sailors of other tribes occasionally come to the port. Behind a building two men were placidly puffing nargilehs. The men of the desert stopped and looked at them silently. The voluptuaries shivered under the fierce gaze.

"Oh, faithless ones, shall we break them on your heads?" they asked.

"On the ground, please," the smokers murmured.

The nargilehs were broken and the water dried into the sands. There has been no more smoking in public in Ojair.

The Wahabis are not entirely untutored Bedouins of the desert. Though most of them are nomads—they claim 300 fighting banners, each with 1,000 men, frequently three generations together, boys of 10 and 12 years with their fathers and grandfathers—they also have their teachers and men of the cities.

During the last feast of Ramadan, the month when devout Mohammedans fast from sunrise to sunset, three sheiks of the Wahabis were in Jerusalem. Each day they spoke in the great mosque known as the Dome of the Rock, above the Sakhra, the stone where Mohammed's body is believed to have rested while his spirit made its flight to heaven and returned.

One was so eloquent and his exposition of the Koran so learned that he drew the crowds from all the other sheiks of the mosque. From Jerusalem the teachers

Photograph by Junius B. Wood

AN IDOL FROM THE BAALBEK RUINS

This namesake city of the Sun-god Baal once enjoyed a position of great commercial importance, as it lay on the direct route from Syria to Egypt. The imposing ruins of the ancient Temple of the Sun (Jupiter-Baal), built by Antoninus Pius, might well be classed among the wonders of the world. It was 290 feet long, 160 feet wide, and its roof was supported by 54 lofty columns, only six of which remain standing. The huge blocks of stone used in the construction of the temple are the largest found in any building in the world except in some of the Inca edifices of Peru.

Photograph by Junius B. Wood

AN UNUSED MONOLITH LEFT BY THE WORKERS AT BAALBEK

One of the most remarkable features of the famous Temple of the Sun (see text, page 567) is the fact that such enormous blocks of stone were used in its construction. Some of them measure more than 60 feet in length and were raised to the top of a substructure 23 feet high.

continued through Palestine and Syria, for the Wahabis do not proselyte by the sword and rifle alone.

PALESTINE IS RIPE WITH ARAB DISCONTENT

Palestine is ripe with Arab discontent. The little area of rocky hills and ancient cities, not more than 12,000 square miles—smaller than Maryland—is the scene of an experiment in international altruism. It is hallowed by the early life of three great religions—Jewish, Christian, and Mohammedan. The struggle among their different sects for its possession has run through the ages. Now the mandate has gone forth that the followers of all shall live in harmony in that little corner of the earth.

It is a country in triplicate. Postage stamps, street signs, telegraph blanks, and all official communications are printed in English, Arabic, and Hebrew. The efficient official must be trilingual. Employees of public offices and commercial houses are engulfed in a maze of holidays, each celebrating his own, according to whether he is Moslem, Jew, or Christian.

Strict Mohammedans close their stores on Friday for the service in the mosque, Jewish places of business are closed on Saturday, and Christian establishments observe Sunday.

As the befuddled stranger in Jerusalem approaches the Jaffa gate, he notices by the Roman letters on the dial of the big clock that it is 9 a. m., and as he passes into the city he can glance back and read in Arabic figures on another face of the same clock that it is 2.13, that being afternoon.

THREE-FOURTHS OF THE PEOPLE ARE MOHAMMEDANS

According to the latest census, slightly more systematic than its Turkish predecessors, Palestine has a population of 761,647. Like all countries in the Mid-East, the people are classified according to religions, instead of by race or other sources of ancestry.

The divisions are: Mohammedans, 585,271, or 77.0 per cent; Christians, 88,049, or 11.5 per cent; Jews, 81,172, or 10.6 per cent; others, 7,155, or 0.9 per cent.

Photograph by Junius B. Wood

A STREET SCENE IN DAMASCUS, WITH THE DOME AND MINARETS OF THE OMMIAD MOSQUE IN THE DISTANCE

In the bazars of the Near East there is a bewildering complexity of color, of race, and of commodity, and Damascus boasts them in quantity—the Gold Bazar, the Grain Bazar, the Street Called Straight, the Sweets Bazar, the Silk Bazar, and others.

Except for the Jews, practically the entire indigenous population is Arab, forming more than 89 per cent of the total.

Few of the Christian Arabs are Protestants, the vast bulk of them being Catholics of various sects. Most of them recognize either the Greek or Roman Church, the most numerous sects being Greek Orthodox, Roman Catholic, Armenian, Copt, and Syrian.

These five divide the custody of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, in Jerusalem, and the Church of the Nativity, in Bethlehem, Moslem custodians having been installed for many years to prevent their rivalries becoming too violent.

Of the Jews, only between 18,000 and 20,000 are the youthful arrivals since the war. The other 60,000 are devout followers of the orthodox faith who previously lived in the country.

Palestine is rich in religious monuments and places which for centuries have been sacred in the annals of three religions.

The places hallowed by the life of Christ and the Apostles are revered by both Christians and Mohammedans. Those which figured in the history of the early prophets of Israel are held sacred by Jews, Christians, and Mohammedans. Palestine is more a treasure-house of religion than it is of industry, commerce, or agriculture.

As one rides along the sides of its sterile hills, olives, almonds, and rocks covered with a mantle of white by every breeze which sweeps the chalk roads, the optimism and courage of the Zionists who hope again to make it a land of milk and honey, supporting a population of 4,000,000, are impressive.

Aside from the valley of the Jordan, the fertile places in Palestine are small. Agriculture is of the crudest. The Arab prefers picking his wheat stalk by stalk from the thistles to using machinery and cultivation on a larger scale. His wants are few, and most of them, from the homespun garments of wool down to cruder products, he supplies himself. Flour from Australia or the United States is cheaper than that produced in Palestine.

The Zionist colonies are oases of green in a parched and barren land, but the roots through which they draw their nourishment are in the banks and offices of the wealthy Jews of Europe and America.

Should that nourishment of gold cease or the enthusiasm of the youthful colonists abate with advancing age, they will die a slow death, relapsing, like other civilizations, into the all-engulfing primitive Arab life.

The Mohammedan has more of religious tolerance than he is generally given credit for. He adds a later and, to him, a greater prophet to those of Jew and Christian, but he respects a people who are firm in their religious faith.

The orthodox Jews who in former years, for religious and sentimental reasons, settled in the country so closely associated with their early history, to enjoy an environment of Hebrew culture and memories, had comparatively little friction with the vastly predominant Arab population. With the arrival of the Helutzim—the young pioneers of recent months, ambitious to establish an economic and political, instead of a religious commonwealth—the situation changed.

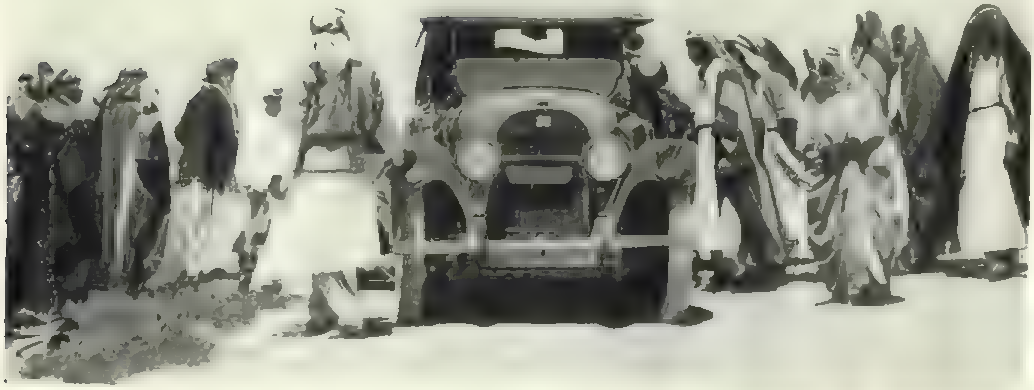
WHY THE ARAB RESENTS THE ZIONIST POLICY IN PALESTINE

The Arab feels that these newcomers are imbued with the idea that the country is theirs, that the mandate of Great Britain has given it to them, and that the Arabs, who have lived there for centuries and form nine-tenths of the population, are trespassers who should be ousted.

The Arab feels that Europe is forcing on Palestine the rule of a minority, a small minority of strangers from the Balkans—they form 88 per cent of the pioneers—to whom religion is a memory and communism an actuality.

He does not accept the finely shaded British official interpretation that the Jews are merely to have a national home in Palestine, and that it is a British policy for Zionism in Palestine. He insists that the situation shows all Palestine is transformed into a national home for the Jews, and that it is a Zionist policy for Britain in Palestine.

Two routes connect Jerusalem and Damascus, the chief cities of the rival British and French mandates. One is by automobile past Jacob's Well, skirting Nablous, the village where 156 descendants



Photograph by Junius B. Wood

AN AUTOMOBILE IS STILL A CURIOSITY TO BEDOUINS BETWEEN ALEPPO AND BAGDAD

survive from that host of Samaritans* sent from Babylon to populate the country centuries ago, on through Nazareth and over a ridge of mountains to Tiberias. A bleak sandstone kiosk marks the site of Joseph's carpenter-shop in Nazareth, and the women still come at sunset to carry water from Mary's Well, kerosene cans on their shoulders in place of the earthen pots of twenty centuries ago.

A good hotel and ruins of old walls and forts make Tiberias interesting for a night, and on the following day the lake is crossed and the journey to Damascus completed by train.

A quicker route is by the Palestine Railroad, a product of the war, to Haifa in the morning, and then by automobile to Beirut in the afternoon. The automobile splashes along the seashore past an old Roman aqueduct to Acre, the one-time gateway of the East, where the solid shot of Napoleon still are piled in the streets; across a ridge of mountains and into French territory with good roads; past Tyre, the once mighty port of the Phœnicians, now a squalid fishing village; through Sidon, with its silk mills and miles of olive groves, which, prior to the extensive cultivation in California, were the largest in the world; through a grove of Lebanon pines, around the high commissioner's château, and into the bustling port of Syria, with its picturesque bay and mountains, hilly streets, and rambling subterranean homes and footpaths.

By train it requires 10 hours, by automobile 3½, from Beirut to Damascus, through the Lebanon Mountains — sun and dust in the valleys and sudden squalls of rain on the plateaus, distant ridges covered with perpetual snow, which loping camels carry to the cities for cooling drinks, Maronite monasteries and churches on every peak, and little villages clinging to the green hillsides. In a land of little verdure, the Lebanon is an ever-changing picture, fresh and green.

DAMASCUS' TRADE HAS WANED

Damascus is of the Orient, less affected by the Occident than Jerusalem. It still maintains its character, though the partitioning of Arabia by the mandates has diminished its commerce.

Its trade on the north with Cilicia, which France returned to Turkey, was cut off by a prohibitive tariff; Palestine, on the south, is under another rule, while

* See "The Last Israelitish Blood Sacrifice," by John D. Whiting, in the NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE for January, 1920.

Photograph by Junius B. Wood

ARMENIAN BOY SCOUTS DRILLING IN SYRIA

The Boy Scout movement, which was inaugurated in 1908 to cultivate self-reliance, manhood, and good citizenship, by Sir Robert S. S. Baden-Powell, has spread practically over the whole world. These boys have been trained by the American Near East Relief workers in Syria.

the caravans which formerly came from the deserts of Transjordania and from as far as Bagdad and the Hedjaz have ceased, the Bedouins fearing that they will be arrested as spies or agitators in a country which is no longer theirs.

However, a motley throng passes through its modern steel-vaulted bazar and the narrow gates of Ommiad, a mosque where 30,000 worshipers can assemble—Gipsy women with heavy boots and bundles as for winter, sharp-eyed Bedouins exhaling the dust of the desert, descendants of Mohammed (some 42,000 of whom are genuine and 200,000 fictitious) with green fezzes, black-veiled women and laughing children, and the dapper men of the metropolis in western clothes, speaking all the languages of Europe and the Mid-East and, except for their red fezzes, little different in appearance from the merchant class of any city.

From the barren hills to the west of the city, Damascus seems a drab rectangle in the green valley. Aleppo, in the north, is different. It stands out—the old Turkish citadel, domes of the mosques, and squares of plain houses—like a pile of masonry suddenly erupted in the midst of the desert. All around it the plains stretch away—dull, barren, and deserted.

A railroad connects Damascus and Beirut with Aleppo, but the favorite method is to avoid a night on the hill-climbing narrow-gauge by motoring in a couple of hours to Baalbek and using the broad-gauge railroad beyond that point, passing through Hama and Homs and scores of mud villages with magnified beehives for houses.

Baalbek tells the same story of rulers who have gone and the immutable Arab who has remained. It is a rambling village of small shops and modest houses, in a fertile, irrigated valley. To the visitor its attractions are the ruins—a vast aggregation of fallen stone temples with several of the Greek columns still standing.

Courts, underground passageways, and altars, according to archeologists, show the successive alterations of Roman, Byzantine, Crusade, and Moslem civilizations. One tunnel is said to connect with

Photograph by Junius B. Wood

ENTRANCE TO THE MEDIEVAL TURKISH CITADEL OF ALEPPO

It is perched on an artificial mound and stands high above the flat white plain of the city. Aleppo was an important place 2,000 years before the Christian era, according to inscriptions found on Egyptian monuments.

the village of Zahli, 20 miles across the valley.

SOUVENIR HUNTERS HAVE RISKED THEIR NECKS TO CARVE THEIR NAMES

What are said to be the largest stones ever quarried are in the outer walls of the court, while on the outskirts of the village a monolith weighing 40 tons lies as if it had been reluctantly dropped by those departed workers (see illustration, page 561).

Souvenir hunters have left it behind, but many have risked their necks to deface the temple's vaulted alcoves. Dozens of names are chiseled in the highest parts of the marble walls. "Alphonse Naccache" was there in 1863, and returned in 1886 to add "Herminie" and scratch a heart around the two. In 1886, "C. F. Dight, U. S. A.," did some chiseling, and "Michel Alouf, historien de Baalbek," achieved immortality by the same means. A hopeful companion of "Mrs. Howdle and Dot R." added them to the roll in 1919.

So the record goes, names mostly Italian, recording moments when the custodian of the monuments was napping or bribed, down to "Vincent Cozano" and "Caestan Tarranto," of this year.

Djerablus, a few miles by rail from Aleppo and just across the border in Turkish territory, is a ruin of another nature. Carvings of many shapes and sizes — statues, strange animals, fragments of friezes, and columns in all stages of preservation—lie scattered over the sand as if the winds had carried away the roof of a gigantic curio store.

Damascus is a city of 450,000, while Aleppo has a population of 150,000, two-thirds again as large as Beirut, the principal port of Syria.

Damascus, in its broad valley, for centuries the metropolis and political center of the eastern Mediterranean and Arabia, can easily be accounted for. Aleppo, imposing in its size and activity in the midst of the brown, dry plains, with a river which in July might almost be carried away on a piece of blotting paper, is at first a puzzle. Then one realizes that he has reached one of those outposts of the world where customs, lives, and habits change.

To those who approach Aleppo from the East—the Bedouin who whirls in on a galloping steed, the traders with the camel caravan, the plodding carter with an accompaniment of shrieking wheels—it is not a puzzle. To them it is neither hot, dusty, nor barren.

Through the hot days, Aleppo, except for the shady side of the streets in the business district, might be a city of the dead. On vacant lots between the stores, straight-backed Turkish armchairs and little tables stand empty under the broiling sun, and one can walk for blocks past white-faced residences without seeing a person.

When the long shadows strike the tops of the highest buildings, all changes with the rapidity of a tropical sunset.

The streets, which were deserted, are filled with life, women in black and children in bright clothes strolling toward what is called the river, and men, alone or in couples, headed for the center of the city. Every chair in the open-air coffee-shops is occupied, apparently by men with nothing more serious in mind than to keep the charcoal glowing on their nargilehs and to drink the little cups of black coffee. However, these coffee-shops are the bourse, board of trade, and stock exchange of northern Syria, and most of its big business transactions are completed there.

CAIRO SINGER RECEIVES $525 A NIGHT

At night the summer gardens are open until 2 a. m. In one of them Madame Mounira el Muhdie sings. Mounira comes from Cairo to Aleppo every year and receives $525 a night, not a small salary even for an American artist. Her story is romantic. An orphan, she was a menial in the home of Sheik Samuri when a child. That famous vocalist trained her voice and left her as his heir, among the greatest of Arab singers.

Arab music is high-pitched and nasal. The woman soloist enlivens her part with castanets and jerky dance steps across the stage, while the orchestra and chorus, seated stiffly in a semicircle around her, furnish the occasional responses to a recital which seems unending. It resembles the music of China and Japan more than it does that of the Occident.

The trail from Aleppo to Bagdad has more claim to being a road than have any

of the others across the desert. Automobiles can make the journey, through clouds of dust so thick that the driver cannot see five yards ahead, bumping across the dry ditches of abandoned irrigation fields, through creeks where the wheels sink to their hubs and passengers push instead of riding, and over ridges of smooth limestone which mount up like giant steps.

Occasionally the tribes along the route demand tribute or select what pleases them from the travelers' baggage. That touch of spice to an otherwise tiresome journey may not materialize, but the difficulties of the road are always there.

The Euphrates is reached a few hours outside of Aleppo. The road which has been crossing the brown plains slides down into the valley. The chalk cliffs of the river seem to vibrate behind the curtain of heat, quivering waves from the baking earth meeting those from the glaring sky. After that the road is never far from the river, sometimes skirting it over the rocks and again wandering aimlessly through the once cultivated fields and deserted orchards.

By hard driving, Deir ez Zòr, 225 miles, can be reached the first evening. If it were not for the interminable passport inspection, Abulkamel, the last French outpost, 284 miles from Aleppo, could be left behind the following day. As it is, the traveler may be forced to stay a day or a week.

A VAST ARAB WORLD

In the back of the Arab mind is always an ambition again to rule that portion of the world which once was his. Since the war and the arbitrary dividing of more of his lands, that feeling has been intensified. It is a favorite saying that the Arab thinks of himself first, his religion second, and his country last. Now a spirit of nationalism is growing which may reverse the order.

The Arab world is vast, stretching from the Arabian Peninsula on the east, across all of north Africa, to the Atlantic. Once it was united under the Saracens; now it is divided into many tribes; but fundamentally they have the bond of race and language. Even stronger than this is the bond of religion, a devotion to Mohammedanism which unites all Arabs and forms a tie with other millions not of their race or their tongue.

The followers of the Prophet are divided into many sects and many creeds, whose rivalries are the most intolerant of any religion. These differences are temporarily forgotten when another religion comes into conflict.

To all this has been added, largely since the war, a new and broader bond, a sympathy between the Orient and the Mid-East, a resentment of world domination by the white races of the Occident.

Mesopotamia or Transjordania may be the torch to start an Arab conflagration, difficult to confine to Arabia or the valley of the Tigris and Euphrates. With the added sympathy of religion, it might go far, arousing Moslems in India and China, the Sudan, and the south shores of the Mediterranean.

The Arab is dissatisfied and disillusioned with his harvest from the World War. For centuries he has dreamed of the days when an Arab empire dominated the civilized world, and now he is working, his leaders and secret organizations playing all the chords of racial, religious, and national harmony, to revive that empire among the world powers of this century.

Arabia is to be the first unit in this plan. Egypt is to be the ultimate center of a Mid-East union of Arab and Moslem kingdoms rivaling those of the Christian west. It may be merely another dream, but the tinder is ready whenever the spark may strike.

Notice of change of address of your GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE *should be received in the office of the National Geographic Society by the first of the month to affect the following month's issue. For instance, if you desire the address changed for your July number, the Society should be notified of your new address not later than June first.*

SOUP MAKES THE WHOLE MEAL TASTE BETTER

Day by day in every way
We gain in health and vigor
With Campbell's aid our health is made—
Just watch us growing bigger!

Tempting!

And no wonder! That fragrant plate of Campbell's Tomato Soup, which is so tempting to your appetite, is pure tomato—the finest red-ripe fruit that grows! The tasty tomato juices and the rich tomato "meat" are strained to a smooth, delicious puree. A delight to the appetite!

Cream of Tomato

Golden country butter is blended with Campbell's Tomato Soup and delicate seasoning is added by the skilled hands of our famous French chefs. Serve it as a Cream of Tomato for a very special treat either for the family meal or when you are entertaining. It takes but a few minutes to prepare it according to the simple directions on the can. And it tastes so good!

21 kinds **12 cents a can**

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

If the subscriber paid direct

Suppose that every Monday morning all the people who have a hand in furnishing your telephone service came to your door for your share of their pay. From the telephone company itself, would come operators, supervisors, chief operators, wire chiefs, linemen, repairmen, inspectors, installers, cable splicers, test-boardmen, draftsmen, engineers, scientists, executives, bookkeepers, commercial representatives, stenographers, clerks, conduit men and many others, who daily serve your telephone requirements, unseen by you.

There would be tax collectors to take your share of national, state and municipal taxes, amounting to over forty million dollars. There would be men and women coming for a fair return on their money invested in telephone stocks and bonds—money which has made the service possible.

Then there are the people who produce the raw materials, the supplies and manufactured articles required for telephone service. They would include hundreds of thousands of workers in mines, smelters, steel mills, lumber camps, farms, wire mills, foundries, machine shops, rubber works, paint factories, cotton, silk and paper mills, rope works, glass works, tool works, and scores of other industries.

When you pay your telephone bill, the money is distributed by the company to the long line of people who have furnished something necessary for your service. The Bell System spares no effort to make your service the best and cheapest in the world, and every dollar it receives is utilized to that end.

"BELL SYSTEM"

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy, One System, Universal Service, and all directed toward Better Service

Put Sound Values
in your Safe Deposit Box

WHEN YOU INVEST in high grade bonds of great railway lines, you are loaning money to one of the strong forces of a civilized life—your country's transportation.

Your bond is secured by such valuable properties as rights of way, tracks, locomotives, cars and terminals.

The National City Company carefully studies the underlying values of every bond it offers. The results of these studies will be put before you gladly by National City Company representatives in more than 50 leading cities.

Our broad range Monthly List of well secured bonds will be mailed promptly upon request.

The National City Company
National City Bank Building, New York
Offices in more than 50 leading cities throughout the World
BONDS SHORT TERM NOTES ACCEPTANCES

IF you have been following our recent advertisements in the National Geographic—on bonds as investments, you may have asked yourself—"What personal help could The National City Company give *me* in the investment of *my* funds?"

We shall be glad to tell you.

Cut on this line.

The National City Company
55 Wall Street, New York City

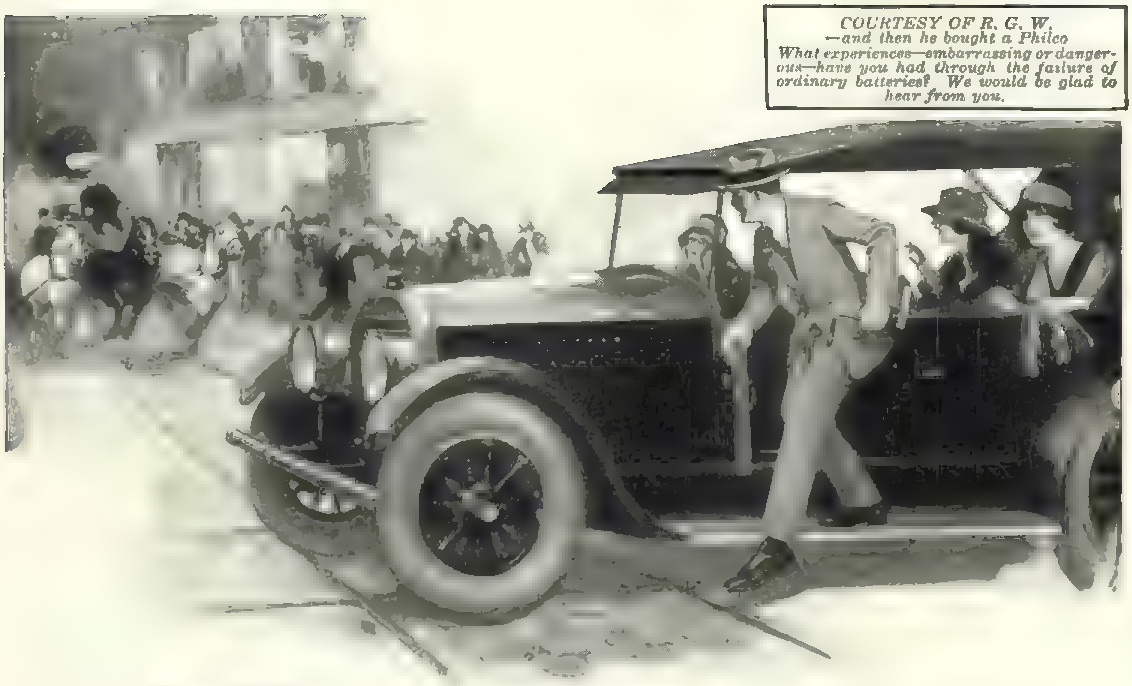
Gentlemen: I have seen your advertisements in various magazines. Without any obligation on my part please tell me what specific help you could give me as an individual investor.

THE NATIONAL CITY COMPANY
NATIONAL CITY BANK BUILDING
NEW YORK

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____



COURTESY OF R. G. W.
—and then he bought a Philco
What experiences—embarrassing or dangerous—have you had through the failure of ordinary batteries? We would be glad to hear from you.

Then he got a Philco!

—the high-powered, long-life, shock-proof battery of whirling starts, quick white-hot ignition, brilliant, road-flooding lights—*the battery that safeguards you and your family from the dangers and humiliations of battery failure.*

Veteran car owners know—thousands from perilous experiences—that there is no safety in undersize, under-powered, ordinary batteries. Every crossing a peril. Every road-mile a risk. Every single start of your engine a possible hand-cranking ordeal.

And that's why—at the first sign of battery trouble—hundreds and thousands of motorists today are replacing their ordinary batteries with Philcos. They realize that a battery—beyond every other automobile part—must make good in performance or quickly give place to something better.

Philco's service guarantee says TWO YEARS. But Philco's exclusive oversize construction—its tremendous excess capacity—its famous Diamond-Grid Plates and other sound, time-tested engineering features—*not only make this extraordinary guarantee possible but extremely conservative.*

Why longer risk the uncertainties of ordinary batteries? A Philco Retainer Battery—the strongest, toughest and most powerful Philco Battery ever built—now costs you no more, *in many cases even less,* than just an ordinary battery.

There's a Philco Battery for every make and model of car. See your nearest Philco Service Station at once. Write for address, if necessary. *Send for a complimentary copy of our new Booklet, "How to Stretch Your Battery Dollar."*

Philadelphia Storage Battery Co., Philadelphia

The famous Philco Battery is standard for Radio "A" and "B," electric passenger cars and trucks, mine locomotives and other battery uses where long-lasting, low-cost service is demanded. Whatever you use batteries for, write Philco.

PHILCO

SLOTTED RETAINER BATTERIES

with the famous shock-resisting Diamond-Grid Plates

3-Point Superiority

1. The Famous Diamond-Grid—the diagonally braced frame of a Philco plate. Built like a bridge. Can't buckle — can't warp — can't short-circuit. Double latticed to lock active material (power-producing chemical) on the plates. Longer life. Higher efficiency.

2. The Philco Slotted Rubber Retainer—a slotted sheet of hard rubber. Retains the solids on the plates but gives free passage to the current and electrolyte. Prevents plate disintegration. Prolongs battery life 41 per cent.

3. The Quarter-Sawed Hard-wood Separator—made only from giant trees 1,000 years old; quarter-sawed to produce alternating hard and soft grain. Hard grain for perfect insulation of plates. Soft grain for perfect circulation of acid and current—quick delivery of power. Another big reason why Philco is *the* battery for your car.

LOOK FOR THIS SIGN

of Philco Service. Over 5,500 stations—all over the United States. There is one near you. Write for address, if necessary.

PHILADELPHIA DIAMOND GRID BATTERY
With the PHILCO Slotted Retainer

Sampler Days

In Society since 1842

We like to think that the growth of Whitman's, from the little shop in Philadelphia in the time of President Tyler, is due to the bed-rock devotion to *quality* on which this business is founded.

From the fair shoppers in 1842, drawn in quaint Victorias, who called at the Whitman shop, it is a far cry to the thronging thousands who now buy Whitman's Chocolates every day in every town in America.

In stage coach days folks from New York, Boston and Richmond always took home Whitman's when they visited Philadelphia.

Now the Whitman quality, with modern improvements and infinite variety, can be had conveniently in nearly every neighborhood in the land.

The names Sampler, Salmagundi, Fussy, "1842", Super Extra, Pink of Perfection and Pleasure Island are full of significance for candy buyers. Each stands for the satisfaction of a special taste in confections.

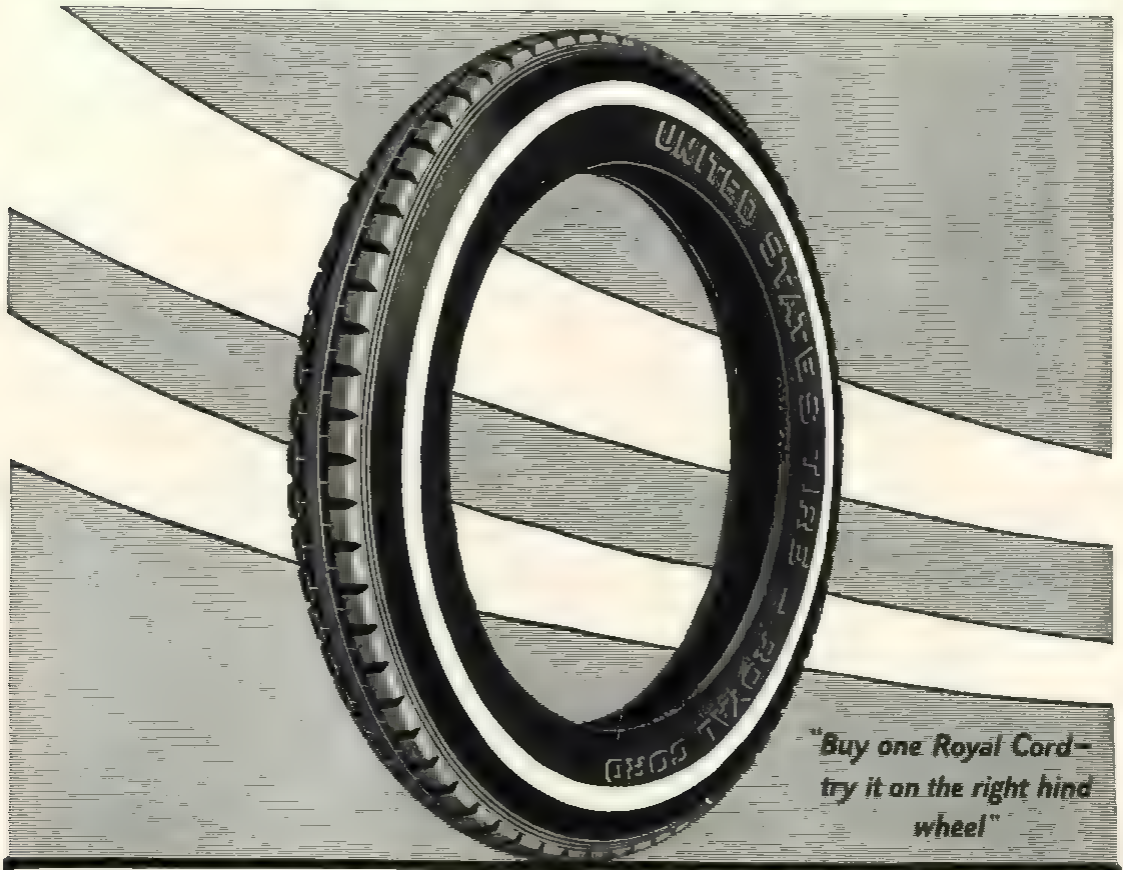
Simply look for the Whitman sign on the selected store that is agent for the sale of Whitman's Chocolates.

Whitman's

Chocolates

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc., Philadelphia, U. S. A.

Also makers of Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate, Cocoa and Marshmallow Whip



How it feels to be the leader of the tire business

THERE was a time when the bigger a business grew the more "uppish" it got.

These days are over—praise be!

The makers of Royal Cords are the leaders of the industry, but they don't feel it any loss of dignity to reach out for new friends.

And they take the very simple way of just asking you to try one Royal Cord. All the U. S. Royal Cord policies are simple.

For instance, Royal Cords have never talked about exceptional mileages. There are hundreds of testimonial letters in the files but they might sound extravagant and misleading to people and that is not a good thing.

Yet the makers of Royal Cords believe that Royals deliver the greatest average mileage of any tire that was ever made. This seems to be proven by the confidence car owners have in these tires.

Royal Cords have never been sold at "big discounts" or featured in "sales". People can't tell what a tire is actually worth if it sells for all kinds of prices in different sections of the country.

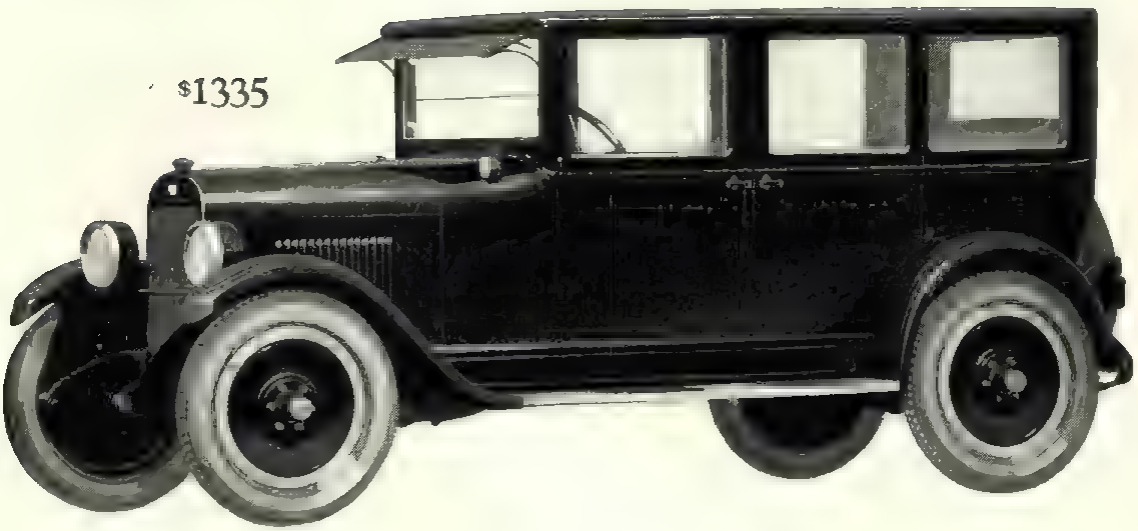
The support Royal Cords are getting today from so many *new* users is the outcome of people *feeling* confidence and *trusting* the Royal Cord makers.

When you put Royal Cords on your car you are going to be *satisfied*. You will see what a good, clean money's worth they are.

Trade Mark

United States Tires are Good Tires

© 1923, United States Tire Co., New York City



The Good

MAXWELL

Good Maxwell manufacturing is scientifically organized, down to the last man and the last detail of every department, with one and only one object in view. That object is to put so much more into the car than the public has been accustomed to getting that any one can recognize the superiority under the hood and in the chassis, in appearance, performance and running cost.

Cord tires, non-skid front and rear; disc steel wheels, demountable at rim and at hub; drum type lamps; Alemite lubrication; motor-driven electric horn; unusually long springs; new type water-tight windshield. Prices F. O. B. Detroit, revenue tax to be added: Touring Car, $885; Roadster, $885; Club Coupe, $985; Four-Passenger Coupe, $1235; Sedan, $1335

MAXWELL MOTOR CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

MAXWELL MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LTD., WINDSOR, ONT.

Large Pictures From Small Negatives

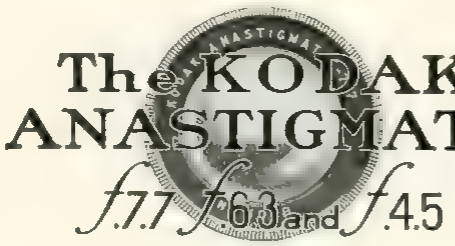
Vacation with its opportunity for trips and travel means pictures out-of-the-ordinary—new people encountered, new places discovered.

Such negatives lead to the desire for large prints so that the unusual interest they contain may be emphasized.

Exposures made with a Kodak Anastigmat lens lend themselves splendidly to this treatment. The important requisite is sharpness, and this quality above all else the Kodak Anastigmat puts in its negatives.

All the *Special* Kodaks are equipped with the Kodak Anastigmat. This means that the size of the camera need have little to do with the size of the pictures.

Special Kodaks give you pocket convenience at the time—the sharp-cutting Kodak Anastigmat lens makes possible large pictures later.



Eastman Kodak Company
Rochester, N.Y. *The Kodak City*

Magic

Lies in pretty teeth—Remove that film

Why will any woman in these days have dingy film on teeth?

There is now a way to end it. Millions of people employ it. You can see the results in glistening teeth everywhere you look.

This is to offer a ten-day test, to show *you* how to beautify the teeth.

Film is cloudy

Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to the teeth, enters crevices and stays. When left it forms the basis of tartar. Teeth look discolored more or less.

But film does more. It causes most tooth troubles. It holds food substances which ferment and form acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Avoid Harmful Grit

Pepsodent curdles the film and removes it without harmful scouring. Its polishing agent is far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

You leave it

Old ways of brushing leave much of that film intact. It dims the teeth and, night and day, threatens serious damage. That's why so many well-brushed teeth discolor and decay. Tooth troubles have been constantly increasing. So dental science has been seeking ways to fight that film.

A new-type tooth paste has been perfected, correcting some old mistakes. These two film combatants are embodied in it. The name is Pepsodent, and by its use millions now combat that film.

Two other foes

It also fights two other foes of teeth. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. To digest starch deposits on teeth which may otherwise cling and form acids.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. To neutralize mouth acids which cause tooth decay.

Lives altered

Whole lives may be altered by this better tooth protection. Dentists now advise that children use Pepsodent from the time the first tooth appears. It will mean a new dental era.

The way to know this is to send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

See and feel the new effects, then read the reasons in the book we send.

Cut out the coupon now.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, which whitens, cleans and protects the teeth without the use of harmful grit. Now advised by leading dentists the world over.

10-Day Tube Free

1053

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 909, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

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Only one tube to a family

"Select Proper Foods From the Grocer and You Won't Need to Hunt Vitamins at the Drug Store," say Medical Authorities.

The importance of the vitamin element in food, to promote growth, health and energy, is well established.

Grape-Nuts contains vitamin from the wheat berry—brought to you as Nature intended it to be used. The addition of cream or milk gives a further supply of vitamin to this splendid food which for more than a quarter of a century has been famed for its nourishing, health-giving qualities.

The iron, phosphorus, and other mineral elements so necessary for adequate nutrition, together with roughage to promote healthful regularity are included in Grape-Nuts.

Crisp and naturally sweet, Grape-Nuts charms the appetite, and digests easily. It is ready to serve from the package, and is truly economical because a moderate quantity provides an unusual amount of nourishment.

Grape-Nuts

THE BODY BUILDER

"There's a Reason"

Made by
Postum Cereal Co., Inc.
Battle Creek, Michigan

The New Economical 5-passenger Willys-Knight Touring Car

THE Willys-Knight stops seldom at the gasoline pump. But 20 miles to the gallon is only the beginning of the economy of the Willys-Knight sleeve-valve engine. This marvelous engine *actually improves with use.*

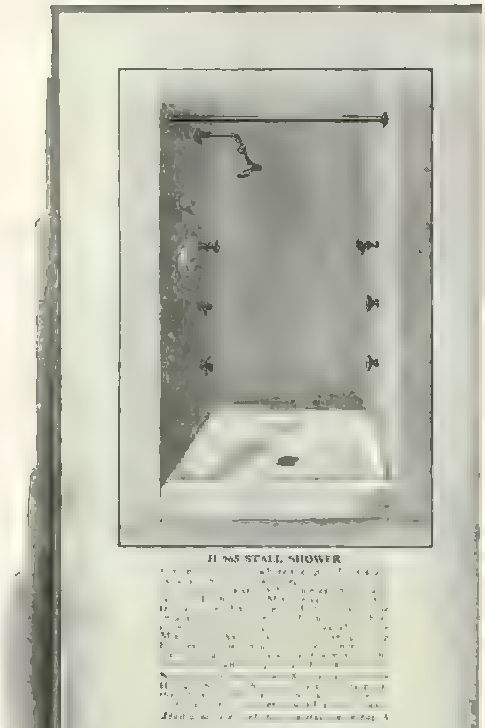
There is no valve grinding. Carbon only increases compression. Many owners have reported 50,000 miles and more without a single engine adjustment. And a Willys-Knight engine has never been known to wear out. No wonder owners are satisfied.

Thus powered, and further distinguished by beautiful streamline body designs, the seven new Willys-Knight models offer remarkable value at conservative price.

WILLYS-OVERLAND, INC., TOLEDO, OHIO
Willys-Overland Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

WILLYS-KNIGHT

THE ENGINE IMPROVES WITH USE



A gentle, warm shower before bedtime will often insure sound, restful sleep.

"Once-Used Water"

A booklet which we will send to aid you in selecting the right type of shower:

"ONCE-USED WATER" is sixteen pages of information about showers, together with suggestions as to their use.

Lavatory fixtures and other bathroom equipment also are briefly discussed.

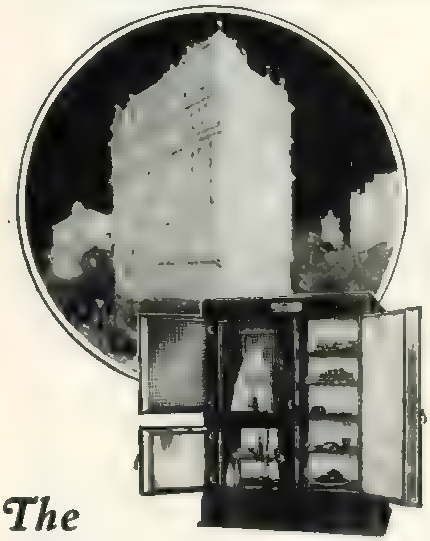
There is no cost or obligation in sending for this booklet. Anyone really interested in showers should have a copy. When you send for it you might also give us the name of your plumber.

SPEAKMAN COMPANY
WILMINGTON, DELAWARE

SPEAKMAN SHOWERS

HERRICK

THE ARISTOCRAT OF REFRIGERATORS



The Chosen Refrigerator *in Exclusive Apartments*

The *Herrick* is the refrigerator selected by building owners whose apartments bring them as much as $1000 per month. Yet its cost is reasonable. These same features that attract tenants able to pay so high a rental are just as available to more modest dwellings:

Herrick Cold Dry Air Circulation keeps interior dry and clean.

Herrick Five-Point Insulation maintains lowest temperature at least ice cost.

Herrick Removable Drainage makes cleaning easy. Insures perfect sanitation.

Herrick Outside Icing makes botherless icing in summer and iceless refrigeration in cool weather. Water cooler attachment if desired.

Send for Free Booklet

"Getting the Most from Your Refrigerator" tells how to arrange food in any refrigerator and describes advantages of the *Herrick*.

HERRICK REFRIGERATOR CO.
205 River St., Waterloo, Iowa

***Food keeps* BEST *in the* HERRICK**

Do you buy your bedding as intelligently as your clothes?

When you purchase a suit, a dress or a coat, you insist on knowing what you are getting —all-wool, silk, linen or cotton.

When you buy a mattress and spring, does the same intelligent care and knowledge of the best materials guide your choice?

Yet the garment is worn for only a season or two, while the bed—good or bad—settles for many years to come whether you enjoy deep, strength-restoring rest or suffer broken, irregular sleep and all its serious consequences.

Set aside enough time today to call on your furniture dealer and examine the Simmons mattresses and springs he offers in a wide variety of styles and prices to suit any preference or income.

Test them all. Compare the bed you are using with a Simmons spring and mattress of buoyant *new* material, that meet your ideas, needs, tastes.

Then decide for yourself whether vigor, energy and personal success are not worth more than the moderate cost of Simmons sleep comfort.

SIMMONS

Beds ~ Mattresses ~ Springs

BUILT FOR SLEEP

A splendid Note Paper for Summer Homes

American Stationery is beautifully suited to vacation needs as well as to city household correspondence. Many of our customers consider it indispensable for *all* informal note purposes—and they have frankly told us so. ¶ Carry a trial package on *your* vacation. You will be delighted with its individuality—its charming simplicity and *sterling* quality. And we know that later you will want it made up for your city residence. ¶ Incidentally, the tough, strong box in which American Stationery is mailed makes an excellent package for travelers.

200 Sheets-100 Envelopes

PRINTED WITH ANY NAME AND ADDRESS *for* $1.00

This comprises our "Regular Package" which is made up as follows and mailed postpaid. PAPER: National Bank Bond—clear, white, fine textured; exquisite writing surface. SIZE: Sheet 6 x 7; envelopes to match. INK: Name and address, printed as shown in illustration, in rich, dark blue ink.

For orders west of Denver and foreign countries, add 10%. Always remit with order. With the exceptional facilities of our large plant, all orders are filled with amazing speed. We have no agents or branch plants. All American Stationery is sold by mail from Peru, Indiana, where we, originators of this type of stationery, have successfully manufactured it for eight years.

Mail

The American Stationery Co.
503 Park Ave., Peru, Indiana

COUPON

THE AMERICAN STATIONERY CO.
503 PARK AVENUE, PERU, INDIANA

Gentlemen: Herewith is $1.00 for 200 sheets and 100 envelopes of American Stationery to be printed as shown on attached slip. (Note: To avoid errors, write or *print* copy plainly.)

MONEY READILY REFUNDED IF YOU ARE NOT WHOLLY SATISFIED

Only A Love Of Flowers Is Needed

to make your home and garden beautiful with blooms from our imported Dutch bulbs. Amateurs vie with experts when Elliott bulbs are used. You can easily fill your house with color and fragrance from Christmas to Easter, or you can shower your garden with loveliness when Spring drifts up from the South.

Dutch Bulbs—The World's Best

The bulbs we import from Holland, where the world's best bulbs are grown, are selected from the stocks of the leading growers there. Tulips, Hyacinths, Narcissi and Crocus of matchless beauty spring from these famous Dutch bulbs, which generations of expert breeding have brought to perfection.

Special Prices If Ordered By July 1

For a few cents each you can grow flowers which at a retail shop would cost $1 or more per plant. **But we must have your order by July 1,** when our books close and our special representative leaves for Holland to make selections from the bulbs of the most famous growers there. Pay on delivery. Money back if shipment is unsatisfactory.

Special Combination Offers

NO MONEY DOWN

Offer A—$5 Household Selection

80 imported Dutch bulbs of the finest quality—Tulips, Narcissi and Hyacinths unequalled in hardiness and beauty; scientifically selected by experts for growth indoors. At small cost you can fill your home with gorgeous color from Christmas to Easter.

Offer B—$3 Garden Selection

A careful selection of 80 of the world's choicest Dutch bulbs—Tulips, Hyacinths, Narcissi and Crocus so exquisitely perfect that when they bloom in your garden next Spring they will be an unfailing delight to you and your neighbors.

Fascinating Catalog Free

Our New Catalog of Imported Dutch Bulbs contains thousands of varieties—many reproduced in color—special price lists and directions for obtaining the best results. Write for catalog and order bulbs at once.

ELLIOTT NURSERY COMPANY

519 Magee Bldg. Pittsburgh, Pa.

CLARK'S 20th CRUISE, June 27

TO THE MEDITERRANEAN

And Europe, by Specially Chartered White Star S. S.

"BALTIC" 23,884 tons

61 day cruise, $600 upward, including Hotels, Drives, Guides, Fees, etc. Under personal management of F. C. Clark. Visiting Madeira, Cadiz, Seville (Granada), Gibraltar, Algiers, Athens (Corinth Elcusis), Constantinople, Palestine (Galilee, Samaria), Cairo, Naples, Rome, Monaco, Monte Carlo, Cherbourg, Liverpool. Twelve days in Paris and London, $100 extra. Stop-overs in Europe arranged, with return from Liverpool by White Star Liners.

UNIVERSITY-EXTENSION and other good tours to Europe under escort; $450 up.

WINTER CRUISE February 2, 1924, S. S. "Baltic"; 65 days, $600 upward. Optional Nile journeys.

FRANK C. CLARK, TIMES BLDG., N. Y.

"And Here is Your Bathroom"

WHEN the hostess says simply, "And here is your bathroom," she is in fact saying, "The freedom of the house is yours. You need not shape your habits to ours, nor be fearful of incommoding us."

An additional bathroom often spells the difference between easy, gracious hospitality and embarrassed, apologetic hospitality. And when no guests are present it adds immeasurably to the comfort and convenience of every member of the family.

* *

Let the capable plumbing dealer who sells Kohler Ware in your neighborhood show you how a model bathroom can be installed in a space as small as five feet by six, no larger than a good-sized closet. And let him demonstrate in figures the reasonableness of the investment that will bring you the enduring satisfaction to be found in the unsurpassed quality and beauty of design of Kohler Enameled Plumbing Ware.

* *

May we send you our booklet of Kohler Ware for bathrooms, kitchens, and laundries?

KOHLER

Look for this name, unobtrusively fused into the enamel of every Kohler fixture. It is your guaranty of genuineness and of these distinctive Kohler qualities—(1) the beautiful snowy whiteness of the durable enamel (2) the *uniformity* of that whiteness in every fixture.

KOHLER OF KOHLER

Kohler Co., *Founded 1873*, Kohler, Wis. *Shipping Point*, Sheboygan, Wis.

BRANCHES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

MANUFACTURERS OF ENAMELED PLUMBING WARE AND KOHLER AUTOMATIC POWER AND LIGHT 110 VOLT D. C.

THE SWEETMEATS OF KINGS

A Biscuit for Everybody's Taste

If high grade grocers cannot supply you, write—
RIDGWAYS TEA CO., 60 Warren Street, New York
Sole Agents in U. S. A.

By Appointment to King George V.

BISCUITS! Really confections—these crispy, luscious morsels of such smooth creaminess they fairly melt on your tongue.

With great confidence we offer this famous assortment, made by the unrivalled house of Huntley & Palmers, known thruout the world for their irreproachable products.

Huntley & Palmers Biscuits

DUES

Annual membership in U. S., $1.00; annual membership abroad, $1.60; Canada, $1.50; life membership, $100. Please make remittances payable to the National Geographic Society, and if at a distance remit by New York draft, postal or express order.

RECOMMENDATION FOR MEMBERSHIP

IN THE

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

The Membership Fee Includes Subscription to the National Geographic Magazine

PLEASE DETACH AND FILL IN BLANK BELOW AND SEND TO THE SECRETARY

_____ 192

To the Secretary, National Geographic Society,
Sixteenth and M Streets Northwest, Washington, D. C.:

I nominate _____

Occupation _____
(This information is important for the records.)

Address _____

_____

for membership in the Society.

_____

_____
Name and Address of Nominating Member

5-23

The Richmond Pattern *of* ALVIN

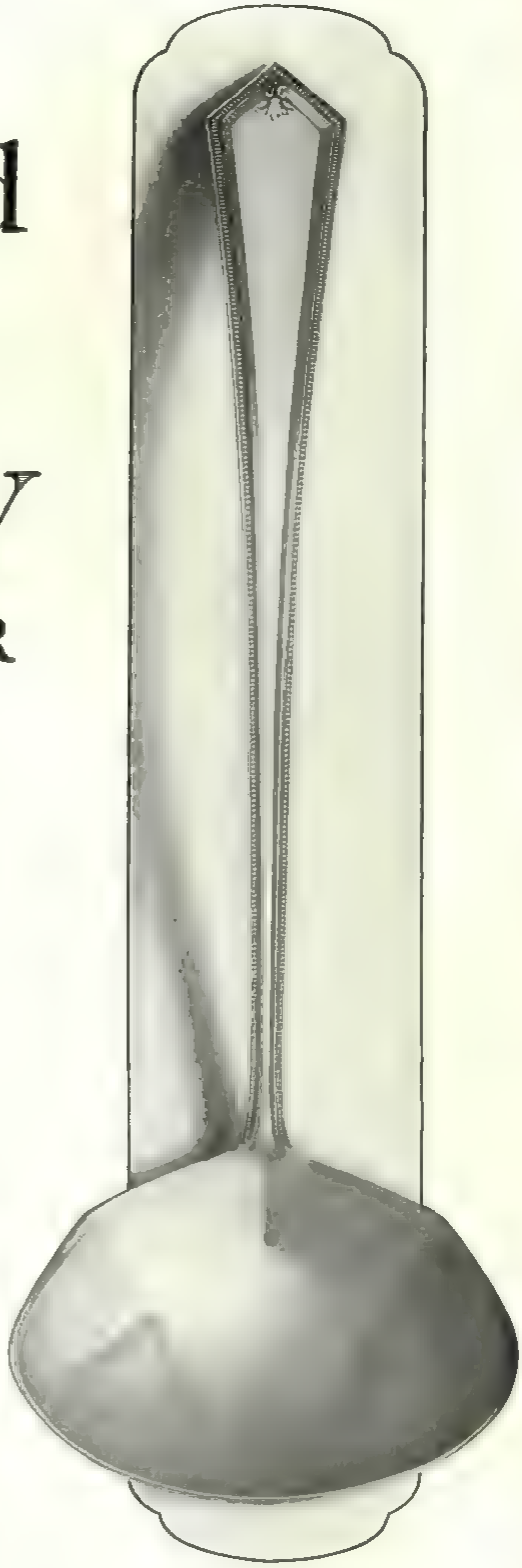
SOLID SILVER
(STERLING)

At a thousand meals every year

Three times a day you use your silverware, but you will never tire of the lovely Richmond Pattern, so simple in line, yet so exquisitely decorated.

May we mail you a leaflet showing some of the most popular Richmond pieces? At the same time we will send, without charge, our booklet, "Setting the Table Correctly." Just drop us a line.

ALVIN SILVER CO., 20 Maiden Lane, New York
Also Makers of Alvin Long-Life Plate



Gravy Ladle

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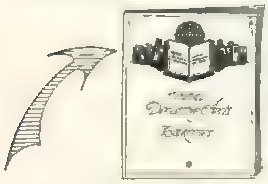
THE COLONIAL—ABOUT A FIRE-PLACE

YOU know that good books deserve good bookcases—and good bookcases make good looking rooms. . Here are good bookcases, perfectly built. Put them in any room! Glass doors *protect* your books and swing conveniently up over the book-tops out of harm's way when open. . . These bookcases grow at your desire. See them in all the period designs. Popularly priced everywhere!



LET US HELP—we will gladly send without charge our booklet of Unusual Decorative Effects for Bookcases. Address: Dept. B5-5 at Cincinnati, Ohio.

The Globe-Wernicke Co.
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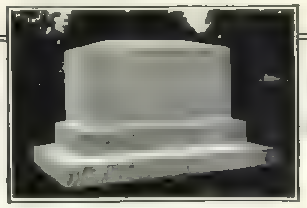
New York . Chicago . Boston . Detroit . Cleveland
Philadelphia . Washington . New Orleans . St. Louis



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For memorials that symbolize the noble traits of character of the loved ones they commemorate, there are none that surpass the quality products of the Harrison Granite Co. Our long experience assures you of satisfaction.

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HARRISON GRANITE COMPANY, INC.
Established 1845
200 Fifth Avenue New York

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For Young Women
Suburbs of Washington, D. C.
JAMES E. AMENT, Ph.D., LL.D., *Pres.*

Two-year Junior College courses for high school or preparatory school graduates. Vocational courses. Music, Art, Expression, Dramatics. Home Economics with special diploma granted. College preparatory department for younger girls. Beautiful ninety-acre campus in Rock Creek Valley. Outdoor activities, including horseback riding. Gymnasium and swimming pool. Eight charming clubhouses are the centers of students' social activities. References required. Address

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When school is over and your children are out of sight, where are they—what are they doing? What do they read? Are they becoming constructive, thoughtful—or merely drifting—into bad habits, possibly?

You may do everything possible. But you alone cannot train them as you would like to do. The problem needs specialized attention—needs the regular, systematized help of an organization famed these fifty years for its influence on the youthful mind.

St. Nicholas Magazine is the medium through which this organization does its work. On its staff are the world's best writers of juvenile fiction, essays, history, articles on science and nature and sports—all skilled in the art of leaving helpful, wholesome thoughts with their readers. Prize contests in drawing, photography and writing develop talent and initiative.

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ST. NICHOLAS
for Boys and Girls

The Toilet Soap for You

RESINOL SOAP is the toilet soap for *you*—and all the world—from babyhood to old age, because it satisfies every need of the skin and meets the requirements of the most exacting.

There is nothing so necessary to the natural health and beauty of the skin as thorough cleansing—deep pore-searching cleansing—not just superficial washing off.

This is where Resinol Soap fills the first need. You can really *feel* it clean your skin as its delightful Resinol-filled lather sinks into the tiny pores and roots out all the impurities. Rinse thoroughly and you will find your complexion radiant and your skin softer and smoother.

Invigorating and refreshing when used for the plunge or shower, it stimulates the skin to renewed activity. Yet its action is so gentle and soothing it is the ideal soap for baby's bath.

If your skin is not healthy—if it is rough, coarse, oily or clogged—buy a cake of Resinol Soap today from your druggist or toilet goods dealer. Use it one week and watch the improvement it makes.

Resinol Soap

Write Dept. 6-F, Resinol, Baltimore, Md., for dainty trial-size cake.

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It sometimes happens, and it's sometimes embarrassing. But you can always be on the safe side with something suitable to serve, if you have Kraft Cheese (in tins) on the pantry shelf.

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every cake in a metal soap box

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Woman's preference for the kitchen.

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Consult your architect and dealer about Tiles, or write to

The Associated Tile Manufacturers
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Use PLATE Glass

A well-planned house deserves it

A WELL-PLANNED house, the pride of its owner and designer, deserves nothing less than plate glass in its windows. Plate glass makes all the difference in the world in appearance. It lifts the moderate-priced house out of the commonplace, while ordinary glass may be a jarring note in the architectural effectiveness of any house.

There is as much difference between plate glass and ordinary glass as there is between a highly polished mahogany panel and a rough-sawed pine board.

Plate glass is worked, rubbed and polished with the same care and skill as the mahogany panel. To its perfectly smooth surfaces and crystal-clear body is due its brilliance and the rich effect it produces in dwellings, office-buildings, hotels, apartment houses and school buildings.

Plate glass is the optically perfect glass for windows. It transmits practically 100 per cent of the light. Objects seen through it are clear-cut and distinct. There are no waves or swirls to distort the view.

Comparative figures on the glazing of any building show a surprisingly small difference in cost between plate glass and common sheet glass. Yet the same difference, applied to any other class of materials, will not go as far in improving the appearance of the building. Plate glass makes a building more rentable or saleable. In many cases it is the deciding factor.

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of AMERICA

Genuine
PLATE GLASS
MADE IN U.S.A.

Use Plate Glass for:

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Counter Tops
Windshields
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Nothing Else is Like it

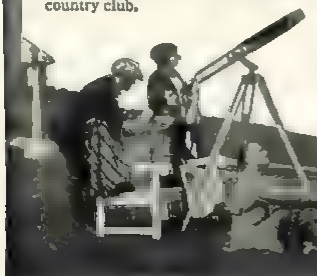
When the Moon's Shadow Touches the Earth

—when one of the mysterious, terrific sun spots flares into activity—you can study these and a thousand other wonders of the sky with

Bausch & Lomb TELESCOPES

Made by America's leading lens makers, backed by seventy years of optical experience, Bausch & Lomb Telescopes are well-built, scientifically accurate and beautifully finished. They are equipped for both terrestrial and astronomical observation, and made in ranges of power from 24X to 120X.

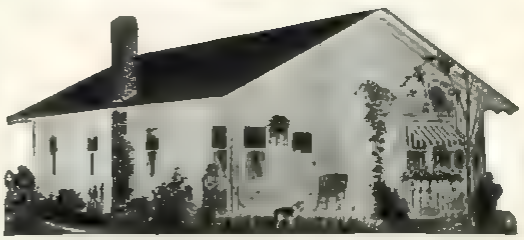
One of these beautiful instruments should be a part of the equipment of the country home, yacht club, school, or country club.



Write for literature describing these new telescopes — inspect them at your dealer's.

BAUSCH & LOMB OPTICAL COMPANY
602 St. Paul Street, Rochester, N. Y.
New York Washington Chicago San Francisco London

7-Room House $975



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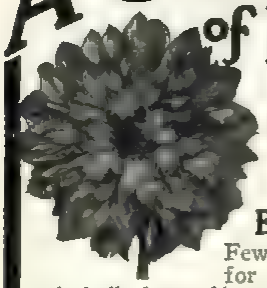
A Garden Full of Dahlias for $3.50



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Few flowers, whether used for garden decoration or principally for cut blooms to decorate the home, are as responsive to simple garden culture as our Modern Dahlia. It has made wonderful advancement in size of bloom, habit of growth and profuse blooming qualities.

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PATTON'S
Sun-Proof Paint

Protect your Property from the Burning Sun

THE sun will blister ordinary house paint. And once blistered, paint loses its protective quality—decay gets in its deadly work—the property deteriorates both in beauty and in actual value.

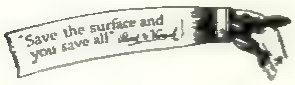
That's why you'll find it so much cheaper and so much more satisfactory to use paint of known quality and proved endurance.

Use Patton's Sun-Proof Paint. It lasts longer and serves better. It *seals the surface* with a hardy, durable, elastic film that withstands weather extremes. It is non-porous, too—proof against moisture.

Another important point is this—each gallon of Patton's Sun-Proof Paint covers an unusually large surface. So you have another source of economy.

Patton's Sun-Proof Paint is one of the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company's products, each of which is known for high quality and perfect service. No matter what you need in the way of glass, paint and varnish products, the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company manufactures something to meet your requirements exactly. Handled by quality dealers everywhere.

OUR PAINT AND VARNISH ADVISORY BOARD *will gladly consult with any manufacturer facing a paint or finishing problem and render recommendations without obligation. Booklet on request.*



A good brush is as essential as good paint

If you are interested in paint and painting, write for our "Proof" Booklet

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GLASS · Manufacturers · PAINT

Paint and Varnish Factories — Milwaukee, Wis. · Newark, N.J.

Cheap paper for *his customers?*

Byron E. Veatch, Chicago business man, says, "NO—its use is unprofitable."

Read what he has to say:

Gentlemen:

When I send a man out to sell, he is my representative, my mouthpiece; consequently I expect him to be correct in speech, manner, and dress. He must look and act the part.

When I send out a letter, it also becomes my representative, and by the same token I insist that it shall likewise show distinction.

Men have been known to invest a million dollars in a plant, to spend a quarter of a million in advertising its product, and then, when the buying inquiries came, to make reply on cheap Jim Crow paper. I consider such a course both illogical and unprofitable.

When my customer or my friend visits me, he is worthy of the best seat at my table and the best cigar in the box; so, also, he is entitled to the best stationery when I address him by correspondence.

Consistent with the above creed, I use Old Hampshire Bond.

Furthermore, I like that crisp, crinkly feel of Old Hampshire; it sort o' reminds one of the magic touch of banknotes or bonds. It possesses that intangible something which represents VALUE.

Yours respectfully,
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Old Hampshire Bond

Hampshire Paper Company — *South Hadley Falls Mass.*

Also makers of Old Hampshire Stationery for Social Correspondence

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NEW YORK

Maintenance of a park-like lawn need not be a source of great expense, when one man with an Ideal Power Mower can do the work of from three to five with hand mowers.

The operator need not be a mechanic. An unskilled laborer can do perfect work. Consider the saving in wages and you will understand why an Ideal Power Mower quickly pays for itself even on lawns of medium size.

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IDEAL (43)
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Send the Coupon
for free estimate

Chamberlin Metal Weather Strip Co., Detroit, Mich.

Tell me the cost of equipping my building with Chamberlin Metal Weather Strips (check whether home, factory, office building, church, school).

Give number of outside *doors*_____

*windows*_____

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City and State*_____

Eng. Dept. A-6

Save Fuel Keep Warm End Draughts

You will be surprised at the small cost of equipping your home or business building with Chamberlin Metal Weather Strips.

And they add so much to comfort, cleanliness and good household economy. They save 25% to 40% of fuel costs. Keep dirt, dust, soot and smoke from sifting in. That ends one of the most tedious tasks of housework.

Why Heat Your Building 36 Times Every Day?

Tests show the inrush of cold air at unprotected windows and doors fills the average building 36 times daily. Why fight this with fuel?

How much more simple to bar it out as thousands of good home managers do, with Chamberlin Metal Weather Strips.

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Healthier homes result. Children are safe from cold air currents. No cold spots. You are not driven from the bright, cheerful window by chill draughts.

Free Chamberlin Strips are used on 85% of all weather stripped buildings, including homes, banks, schools, office buildings, churches, stores, hotels and apartments.

They are guaranteed to last as long as the building. Any need for service or attention, no matter how many years hence, is cheerfully done free, by Chamberlin experts. An estimate by our engineering department, on the cost of your equipment, is free. Just send the coupon.

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"SINCE 1893-THE STANDARD"

Krementz

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For' and Aft' Set

2 in box, 75c
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KREMENTZ & CO., Newark, N. J.

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The bowl shines!

The trap—hidden, unhealthful—is reached and cleaned only by Sani-Flush. All foul odors are destroyed. There is no other preparation made that does this work.

The ease of using it—just sprinkle Sani-Flush into the bowl. Follow directions on the can. Flush! It will not harm plumbing connections. Always keep Sani-Flush handy in the bathroom.

Sani-Flush is sold at grocery, drug, hardware, plumbing and house-furnishing stores. Price, 25c. (Canadian price, 35c; foreign price, 50c.)

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Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring

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And you know what coal costs!

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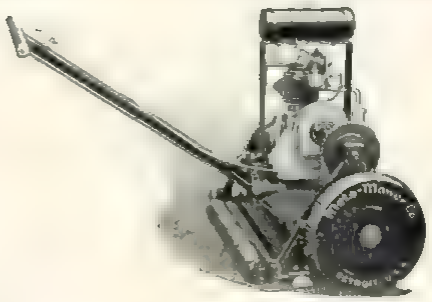

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No expert mechanics needed to run it

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means that Tuxedo is now delivered to your dealer in small lots—even one dozen tins, if necessary.

The cartons are dated, showing the last day it can be sold. This is

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A guarantee that Tuxedo is fresh wherever—whenever—you buy it.

No dealer—anywhere—should sell you a tin of Tuxedo that is not "Fresh from the Factory."

Buy a tin of Tuxedo today. Try a pipeful and see how good fresh tobacco can be.

Now 15¢

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ORIGINATED BY MR. WASHINGTON IN 1909

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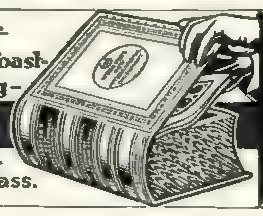

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keeps the gums healthy

Receding Gums

A sign of pyorrhea

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It keeps the teeth white and clean. Both gum health and tooth cleanliness are insured by its twice-a-day use.

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See your dentist regularly—use Pyorrhocide Powder daily—and you can avoid loss of teeth from pyorrhea. The economical dollar package contains six months' supply. At all druggists and dental supply houses.

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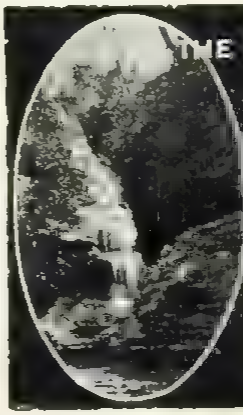
Deaf Can Hear Says Science

New Invention Aids Thousands

Here's good news for all who suffer from deafness. The Dictograph Products Corporation announces the perfection of a remarkable device which has enabled thousands of deaf persons to hear as well as ever. The makers of this wonderful device say it is too much to expect you to believe this so they are going to give you a chance to try it at home. They offer to send it by prepaid parcel post on a ten-day free trial. They do not send it C. O. D.—they require no deposit—there is no obligation.

They send it entirely at their own expense and risk. They are making this extraordinary offer well knowing that the magic of this little instrument will so amaze and delight the user that the chances of its being returned are very slight. Thousands have already accepted this offer and report most gratifying results. There's no longer any need that you should endure the mental and physical strain which comes from a constant effort to hear. Now you can mingle with your friends without that feeling of sensitiveness from which all deaf persons suffer. Now you can take your place in the social and business world to which your talents entitle you and from which your affliction has, in a measure, excluded you. Just send your name and address to the Dictograph Products Corporation, 1311 Candler Building, New York, for descriptive literature and request blank.



THE GLEN SPRINGS

WATKINS GLEN, N. Y.
ON SENECA LAKE
William E. Leffingwell, President

All advantages of European Spas without strain of ocean trip. Hydrotherapy, electrotherapy, mechanotherapy. Only place in America where Nauheim baths are given with natural calcium chloride brine. Sporty golf course. Open all the year. Booklets on request.

THIS MAGAZINE IS FROM OUR PRESSES

JUDD & DETWEILER, INC.

Master Printers

ECKINGTON PLACE AND FLORIDA AVE.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

The vacation thrill of a lifetime!

GLACIER NATIONAL PARK

Where the Rockies rear their cloud-swept crests in the mightiest and wildest and most majestic confusion of beauty on the continent!

Go to Glacier this summer. Ride the switch-back trails, explore the living glaciers; hike, boat, fish, or simply rest and let the peace and silence of the Rockies refresh you, soul, mind and body.

Nowhere in the world will you find such solid comfort—in the heart of primal wildness! Where mountain sheep pose on the edge of space you will find great hotels with every modern convenience. Where the Blackfeet Indians pitch their tepees among the serried peaks you'll find cozy Alpine chalets.

Yet, never is the spell of deep and primal wildness broken.

Two weeks, or better three, is ample time for a glorious vacation. Two days will take you from Chicago, St. Louis, or Kansas City to the Park.

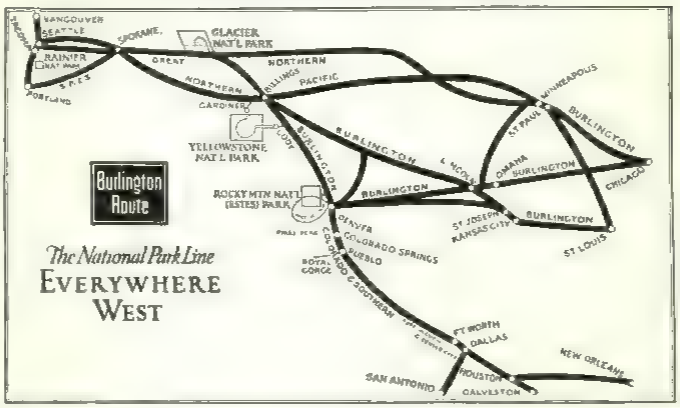
The sharp reduction in railroad fares made last year still prevails. The low cost of the trip will surprise you. Your local agent can give you an estimate.

Via the Burlington you can visit Colorado on the same ticket and include Yellowstone at slight additional cost.

If you are going farther West—

Just say Burlington to your local agent—he'll understand. This will allow you conveniently to visit Glacier en route.

Everywhere West via the dependable Burlington, the route of Comfort, Courtesy and Convenience



The home of the Blackfeet

Free Book

Write for free booklet, "Glacier National Park," to P. S. Eustis, Pass. Traffic Mgr., C. B & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

Burlington Route

The National Park Line

Burlington Planned Vacations

See Colorado

A scenic paradise offering every out-of-doors sport in glorious days of sunshine and invigorating mountain air. Colorado should be the first stop on your western trip.

Rock Island

Yellowstone

Geysers, springs, mud volcanos, cliffs of glass, mountains that roar, multicolored "paint pots." Wild animals and wild flowers. Rock Island is the Colorado Way to Yellowstone.

California

Always alluring—served by Rock Island's Golden State Limited—the premier California train and Rocky Mountain Limited—the Colorado Way.

Low Fares West

Very low round-trip fares this summer placing Colorado, Yellowstone, California easily within your reach. Choice of routes, liberal stopover privileges.

Write for illustrated books and complete information.

Rock Island Lines

(268)

Mr. L. M. Allen, Vice-President, Rock Island Lines,
765 La Salle Station
Chicago

Please mail me, without charge, your publication on [ ] Colorado
[ ] California
[ ] Yellowstone
(Check book or books you desire)

"Thank you. I'll stay," says Mrs. House Wren.

Nesting Time Is Here Again

Birds are quick to appreciate shelter, convenient water and protection, chiefly from cats. Thus may one's trees be full of songsters.

Some birds will use prepared houses. Others prefer thick hedges or bushes. It is astonishing how close these may be to the house, or much frequented spots, if the birds find themselves welcomed.

Shallow pans of water supplied for bathing and drinking, and berry bushes or plants whose seeds, like the sunflower, are attractive to birds—for this care they make ample return by befriending your orchards and crops, and safeguarding your health.

Two pine siskins from California consumed 1,900 black olive scales and 300 plant lice. A kildeer devoured over 300 mosquito larvæ, and a bank swallow, 68 cotton boll-weevils. (From examinations of upward of 50,000 birds by the Biological Survey.)

The Book of Birds

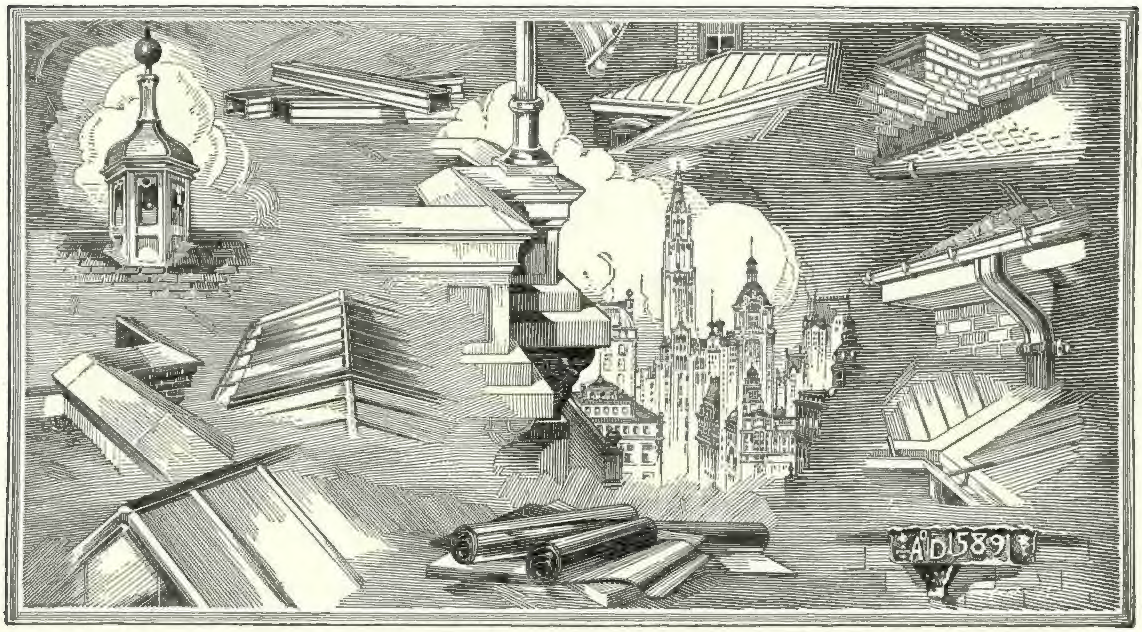
Contains portraits of 250 birds in accurate color by Louis Agassiz Fuertes—chapters by Henry W. Henshaw, skimming the cream of investigations by the U. S. Biological Survey, of which he was formerly Chief—personal experiences of Frederick H. Kennard in encouraging birds around his home.

This book is a veritable gold mine of means for extending bird acquaintanceship during the vacation days.

Royal octavo (7x10 in.), well bound in Buckram, $3, postpaid in U. S. A.

Foreign postage, 25 cents

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY
WASHINGTON, D. C.



There's no wear-out to lead

WEATHER and time have no effect on lead. You can place it underground and leave it there for centuries. Or you can put it on top of the tallest building and subject it to every attack of wind, rain, and storm.

For roofs of buildings and for rain-water drainage, lead has been used for several centuries. A leaded dome dated 1553 still stands intact on Barnard's Inn Hall, in London. On an outer wall of Windsor Castle, England, a pipe-head made of lead has served since 1589. The cathedrals of France have been protected by lead roofs since mediæval times.

Lead on the roof

Lead in the form of Hoyt Hardlead sheeting is used on many buildings today where permanent, water-tight roofs are desired. This lead hardened with a little antimony has less weight per foot than ordinary metallic lead. It lasts longer than any other metal suitable for the same purpose.

This same hard lead is employed in other ways than as sheeting for roofs. On many of the finest buildings in this country are pipe-heads, leader pipes and bands, gutters, hangers, flashings, copings, made of lead to insure protection against rain and storm. This lead is also used in the construction of skylight framework and ornamental figures.

Keeping this lead in place

These building products are not only made of lead, but lead in the cinch expansion bolt assists in fastening them to the building. These bolts and lead-coated screws and nails help to secure gutters, bands, and other parts of the lead drainage system to the walls. And they do not pull out.

"Save the surface and you save all"—Roof's Friend

Where you know lead best

There are a hundred-and-one other uses to which man has put lead. None of them, however, is so familiar as that of lead as paint. Tons of pure metallic lead are corroded every day to produce the white-lead that protects the outside walls of thousands of houses.

Manufacturers know the value of white-lead in making paint and use white-lead as the principal ingredient in the paint they make. The professional painter puts on what he calls "lead-in-oil," which is pure white-lead mixed with pure linseed oil.

Property owners are becoming more and more aware of the necessity of protecting their houses against deterioration. "Save the surface and you save all" is a truth wise men do not deny.

Look for the Dutch Boy

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY makes white-lead of the highest quality and sells it, mixed with pure linseed oil, under the name and trade-mark of *Dutch Boy White-Lead*. The figure of the Dutch Boy you see here is reproduced on every keg of white-lead and is a guarantee of exceptional purity.

Dutch Boy products also include red-lead, linseed oil, flatting oil, babbitt metals, and solder.

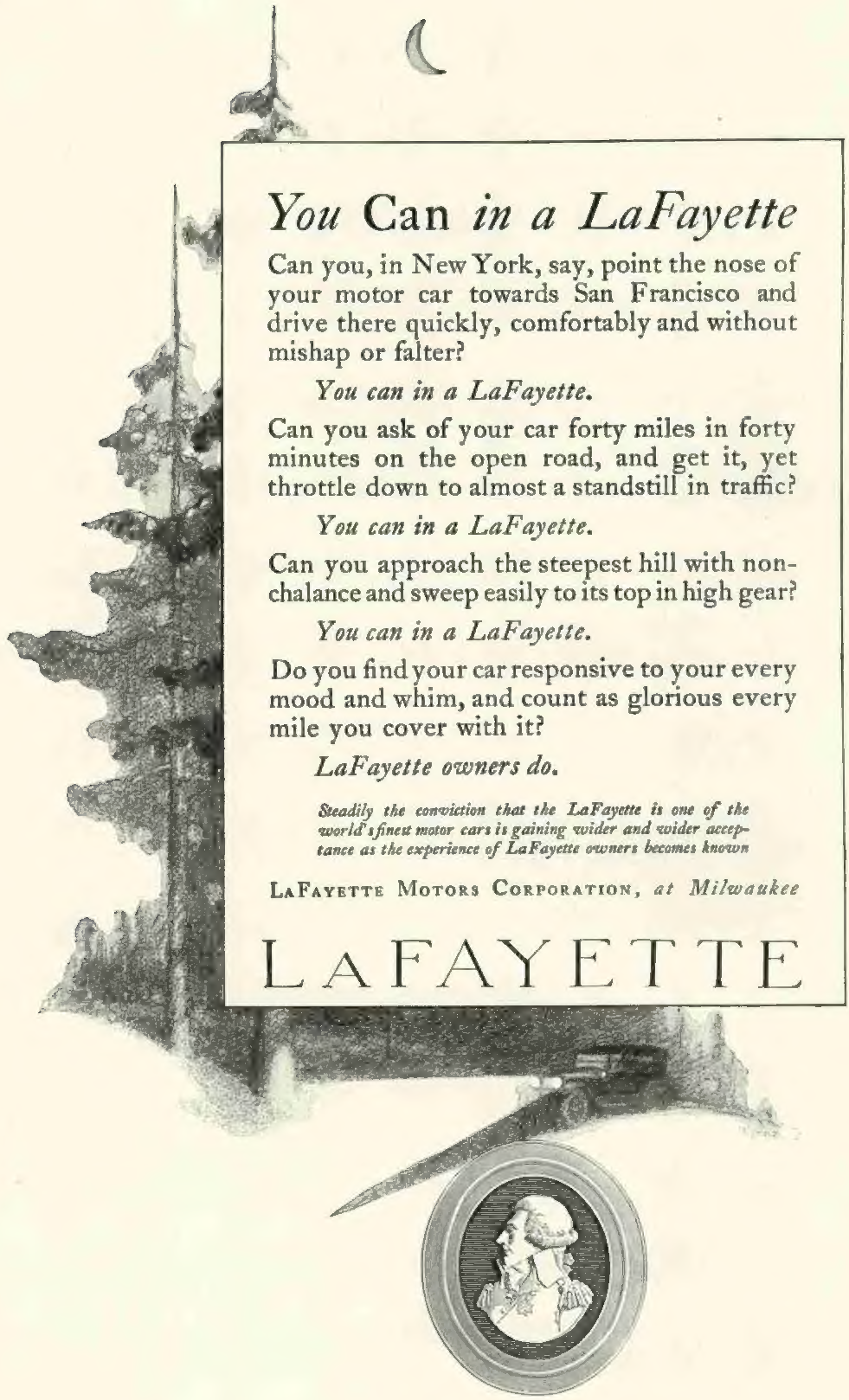
More about lead

If you use lead, or think you might use it in any form, write to us for specific information.

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

New York Boston Cincinnati San Francisco
Cleveland Buffalo Chicago St. Louis

JOHN T. LEWIS & BROS. CO., Philadelphia
NATIONAL LEAD & OIL CO., Pittsburgh



You Can *in a LaFayette*

Can you, in New York, say, point the nose of your motor car towards San Francisco and drive there quickly, comfortably and without mishap or falter?

You can in a LaFayette.

Can you ask of your car forty miles in forty minutes on the open road, and get it, yet throttle down to almost a standstill in traffic?

You can in a LaFayette.

Can you approach the steepest hill with nonchalance and sweep easily to its top in high gear?

You can in a LaFayette.

Do you find your car responsive to your every mood and whim, and count as glorious every mile you cover with it?

LaFayette owners do.

Steadily the conviction that the LaFayette is one of the world's finest motor cars is gaining wider and wider acceptance as the experience of LaFayette owners becomes known

LaFayette Motors Corporation, *at Milwaukee*

LAFAYETTE

"It's the Plug Hat Gets the Snowballs"

THE first portable electric suction sweeper on the market was The Hoover.

It is the first today.

Year in and year out it has renewed and reinforced its leadership by the unremitting thoroughness of its work.

Only a product of unique and special virtue can do that.

It is always the outstanding thing that is the tempting target; and like the leader in every field The Hoover is the focus of competitive attack.

So far as we can learn, this attack assumes only one character.

It does not deny the efficacy of Hoover design, Hoover construction, or Hoover performance.

But it seeks to spread the impression that The Hoover is hard on rugs.

* *

Do *you* think The Hoover is hard on rugs?

If it were, *would it be the largest selling electric cleaner in the world, with more than a million satisfied users?*

If it were, *would it be the choice of rug experts as the preserver of carpetings beyond price?*

If it were, *would more than 50,000 users of many years' experience have voluntarily written us their enthusiastic indorsement?*

If it were, *would more than 48% of our sales result from The Hoover being recommended by users to their friends?*

If it were, *would from 30% to 40% of our sales be to persons who have owned other machines?*

If it were, *would more than $71,000,000.00 worth of Hoovers have been sold, representing perhaps twice as much money as has been invested in any other cleaner?*

If it were, *would leading merchants everywhere have risked the confidence of their trade by continuously indorsing The Hoover—many for over 14 years?*

If it were, *would The Hoover be the standard against which all other cleaners are judged?*

If it were, *would it enjoy the undeniable leadership of the industry?*

No, dear reader, The Hoover is not hard on rugs.

It is only hard on competitors.

THE HOOVER COMPANY, NORTH CANTON, OHIO
The oldest and largest makers of electric cleaners
The Hoover is also made in Canada, at Hamilton, Ontario

The HOOVER

It BEATS ... as it Sweeps as it Cleans

PRESS OF JUDD & DETWEILER, INC
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Treasures You Never Can Replace

A cherished silver heirloom—would you scour it with grit?

Any treasure you cannot replace deserves careful cleaning—and the precious thin enamel of your teeth is one of the greatest treasures you have. Once scratched or worn away by gritty dentifrices even Nature can never replace tooth enamel or restore its beauty.

Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream is the safe dentifrice and it is recommended by more Dentists than any other.

Its non-gritty precipitated chalk loosens clinging particles from the enamel. Pure and mild, its vegetable-oil soap gently washes them away.

A tube for each member of the family is a sound investment in sound teeth. Large tube 25c.

COLGATE & CO.
Established 1806

CLEANS TEETH THE RIGHT WAY
"Washes" and Polishes
Doesn't Scratch
or Scour

Children use it regularly and willingly because of its delicious flavor

Truth in Advertising Implies Honesty in Manufacture